Saturday Review

DECEMBER 19, 1959 / 25¢

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

Marpessa Dawn, Eurydice in "Black Orpheus."—Latest import of the French "Nouvelle Vague."

THE NEW FRANKNESS IN FILMS

By Arthur Knight

IN THIS CORNER—HO

By William Fadiman

SH458699-4 203-261
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBR
339 PROSPECT ST
E ORANGE N J

ARCHIVE.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'BEN-HUR' IS A BLOCKBUSTER!"

A remarkably intelligent and engrossing human drama . . . some of the most forceful personal conflicts ever played in costume on the giant screen . . . THERE HAS SELDOM BEEN ANYTHING IN MOVIES TO COMPARE WITH THIS PICTURE'S CHARIOT RACE!" —*Bosley Crowther, —N.Y. TIMES*

"ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURES OF ALL TIME! Its scale and splendor along with dramatic force simply overpower an audience. The reverent awe and majesty of the Crucifixion scene lift the picture to a new dramatic vigor!"

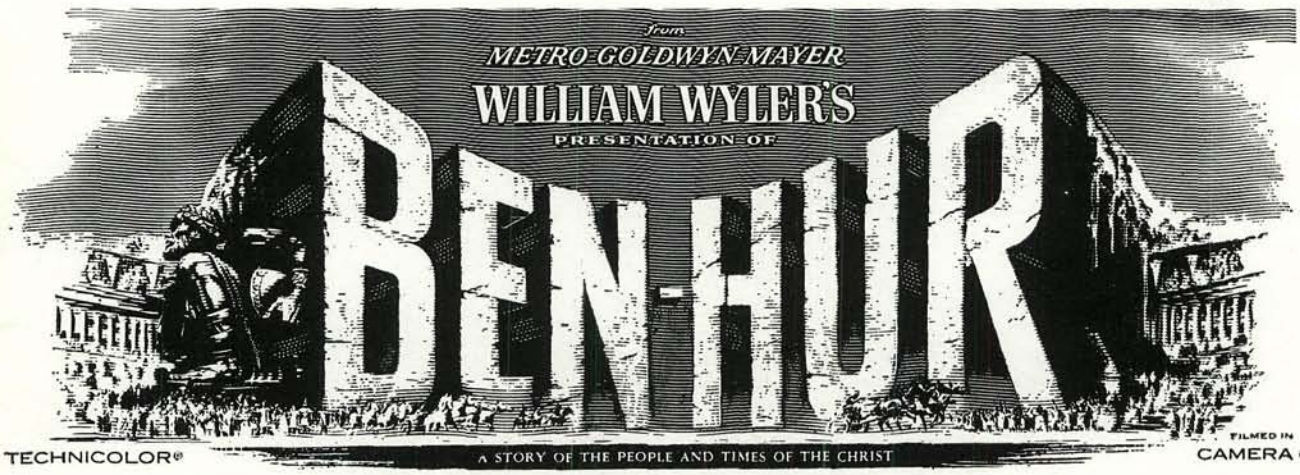
—Alton Cook, World-Telegram

"IT IS ENORMOUS! This is at once a personal story of people whose fates you are invited to share and feel, and a massive recreation of the world of the Romans and Judea at the time of Christ. THE CHARIOT RACE IS AN EVENT OF STAGGERING MAGNITUDE!"

—Archer Winsten, Post

"WILLIAM WYLER HAS PROVED THAT TASTE AND INTELLIGENCE NEED NOT BE LACKING IN A FILM SPECTACLE. THE ACADEMY SHOULD CREATE SOME SPECIAL AWARD FOR THAT ALONE . . . The chariot race is as exciting and nerve-tingling as anything ever put on the screen!"

—Arthur Knight, Saturday Review



SEATS AT BOX-OFFICE OR BY MAIL!

THE *NEW* LOEW'S STATE

B'way & 45th St. • JUdson 2-5070

During this exclusive engagement BEN-HUR will not be shown in any other theatre in this city

RESERVED SEATS ONLY

NIGHTS—Mon. thru Thurs. $3, $2.50, $2; Fri., Sat., Sun., Hols. $3.50 $3, $2.50;
MATS.—Wed. $2.50, $2, $1.50;
Sat., Sun., Hols. $2.75, $2, $1.50.
Prices include tax • Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope.

NIGHTS 8 P.M. (SUN. at 7:30)
MATS. Wed., Sat., Sun., Hols. 2 P. M.
Extra Hol. Mats. Dec. 28, 29, 31 & Jan. 1

Now Also Showing in:

Los Angeles • Philadelphia
Boston • Montreal
Dallas

Coming Soon to:

San Francisco • Toronto • Miami Beach
Atlanta • Portland, Ore. • Pittsburgh
Cleveland • Seattle • Detroit • Minneapolis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hear here

PRESERVE the children's Christmas Day with a discreetly placed tape recorder. Recorded exclamations as gifts are unwrapped and toys mangled make a priceless addition to a tape library.

CLATTER . . . A dramatically-inclined recordist in Idaho will use "SCOTCH" BRAND Magnetic Tape to improve his annual portrayal of Santa this year. A speaker, carefully stashed in the attic, will accompany his entrance with sounds of reindeer hoofs and sleigh bells.

CHEER can be programmed. Many recordists prepare several hour-long tapes of Christmas music, then use their hi-fi equipment to keep the atmosphere festive . . . all through the house.

FEATURED LISTENING EVENT

CHRISTMAS SING WITH BING

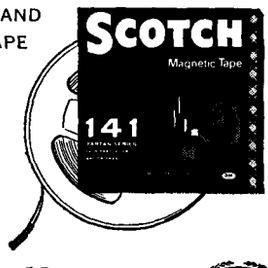
Live choral music from all over the world—and THE VATICAN BELLS

CBS RADIO NETWORK
DEC. 24, 9-10 P.M. EST

BACKGROUND noise is something of a problem in many happy homes on Christmas, but you needn't have it in your holiday recordings. If you tape voices or music during a party, for instance, be extra careful to avoid volume extremes. Recordings made when the gain is too high or too low play back with too much background noise.

HIS . . . A Yuletide word for wives, sweethearts and friends of home recordists. The best gift for the man with a recorder is "SCOTCH" BRAND Tartan Series Tape, available from just about every retail dealer.

"SCOTCH" BRAND MAGNETIC TAPE



MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY
. . . WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

"SCOTCH" is a registered trademark of the 3M Co., St. Paul 6, Minn.

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 19, 1959

Cover photograph: Lopert Films

SR/IDEAS

9 In This Corner—Hollywood, by William Fadiman

12 The New Wave: Orpheus in Rio, by Hollis Alpert

14 What Hopes for the British Films, by G. W. Stonier

16 "Classification"—Boon or Doom for Hollywood?, by Fred Hift

18 The New Frankness in Films: An Editorial, by Arthur Knight

29 The Record Critics' Choices for 1959

SR/BOOKS

31 Granville Hicks reconsiders D. H. Lawrence

32 Mao Tse-tung and I Were Beggars, by Siao-yu

33 One Chinese Moon, by J. Tuzo Wilson

34 In All Conscience, by Harold C. Gardiner; A Mirror of the Ministry in Modern Novels, by Horton Davies

35 In Friendly Candor, by Edward Weeks

35 The Stature of Man, by Colin Wilson

36 Café Céleste, by Françoise Mallet-Joris

38 Pick of the Paperbacks

40 The Wasted Years, by Jess Stearn

41 The Taste of Ashes, by Bill Stern and Oscar Fraley

42 Books for Young People

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Phoenix Nest

6 Trade Winds

19 Letters to the Editor

23 TV and Radio

24 Broadway Postscript

26 Booked for Travel

28 Music to My Ears

37 Literary I.Q.

46 Literary Crypt

51 Kingsley Double Crostic No. 1343

The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLII, No. 51, December 19, 1959. Second-Class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1959 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America.

(Advertisement)

An editor has a problem when confronted with the proposal to publish an anthology. Picking over other people's writings, after all, is only scavenging—unless the anthologist performs something more than a random harvest.

Properly, it seems to me, an anthology must have a theme or hold out a promise that makes the final book, if not greater than the sum of its parts, at least different. And then, too, most editors will confess that they're apt to offer a contract for an anthology when the table of contents is so appetizing that they can feel the immediate tug of readability.

I felt the tug from Frank Brookhouser's "These Were Our Years," a panoramic look at the 'Twenties and 'Thirties. We spend a fair amount of time looking backwards in books—yet this volume has a fresh viewpoint. Brookhouser (the Philadelphia *Bulletin's* columnist, a man who manages to be both "popular" and intelligent at the same time) has seen how Carl Sandburg and Robert Paul Smith, Thomas Wolfe and John Lardner, Franklin Roosevelt and Walter Winchell all help tell the same rather tall story. He has sensed where journalism bids to become art, as in the work of Paul Sann, Ben Hecht, Jimmy Cannon and Red Smith, and how it, too, is a part of that story.

Most of all, a good anthology is almost as personal as if the anthologist had directed the writing. Brookhouser's "Years" is such a book, and for anyone over thirty and under sixty-five it's a sensitive canvas of the time between wars.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"These Were Our Years" ($4.95), by Frank Brookhouser, is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 105 East Cityline Ave., Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

Playola

DEAR EDITOR

(Being a compilation of about eleven of those letters to the newspapers)

I WANT to thank you for your magnificent editorial on the man-eating oyster, and have ordered extra copies to send to my friends. It is high time that someone summed up the courage to speak out. All thinking men will agree with you.

When our magistrates coddle juvenile delinquents, and American citizens, who should be grateful to this great country, do not even hang out the American flag on holidays, we inevitably get the inflation spiral and more strikes. What does Russia really want?

I am a working man who must support a wife and three children, and it is high time that fat, lazy men, returning from a holiday at the beaches, should rise and give their comfortable subway seats to women, who have probably worked all day. Some of them may even be pregnant—I mean the women, of course.

But it is certainly clear that policemen should be given back their nightsticks and encouraged to use them on those punks—I don't mean the women, of course.

As long as the City and the State are allowed to levy new taxes indefinitely, then we will always have the quiz-show scandals. As it is, all we can do is sit around indefinitely waiting for the H-bomb to drop. Meanwhile, decent men fear to walk in the parks after nightfall.

I dare you print this.

PRO BONO PUBLICO
—GEORGE S. KAUFMAN.

• • •

HOW TO SOLVE A MORAL PROBLEM

JOHN PETER TOOHEY was one of the top theatrical press representatives of the Twenties and Thirties. He flew the gonfalon of Sam H. Harris during the years that astute showman filled the Music Box Theatre with one hit after another.

No one ever wrote of him as J. P. Toohey, or John P. Toohey, or J. Peter Toohey. He was always given the tribute of his full name. It well became him. He was a large man and it gave him presence. His friends called him John, but you heard an occasional more intimate Peter.

John was a member of the Algonquin Round Table in good standing. To this group he did not contribute any shafts of wit. His value was his quick appreciation of the quips and quiddities he heard, and the confidence their utterers had that John would repeat them accurately and with due and exact credit. Indeed, repeating what he had heard said at the Round Table made John an entertaining dinner companion; and control of two Press Seats to the Music Box every night did not damage his standing.

John loved to play cards. He was unfailing in his attendance of the Thursday night sessions of the Thanatopsis-Literary-and-Inside-Straight Club—the poker affiliate of the Round Table. On the other evenings he played at The Players. He was a very vocal loser. His roars of disappointment were The Sound of Music (advt.) to winners' ears. After one of his outbursts J. M. Kerrigan remarked, "A simoon called Peter."

One night as John sat down to play in the Thursday night game he began to hiccough. His companions tried their best to frighten him out of them. They were resourceful, imaginative, and unsuccessful. Finally they were bored enough to stop trying. John went on hiccoughing. After an hour or so he became worried, but, dedicated poker player that he was, not worried enough to leave the game. When the chips were turned in some five hours after the play had started, John was still hiccoughing and not a little frightened. He wanted one of his alleged friends to take him to a hospital, but it occurred to them that they themselves were in need of rest and sleep and felt their own health should certainly come first.

John hiccoughed his way into a taxi and was deposited at a hospital. He entered a long dim corridor and found a night watchman. It took considerable persuasion to convince this custodian that a case of hiccoughs was serious enough for him to do what was necessary—to wake up the Superintendent of Nurses. John was told to wait in the corridor until the watchman returned with this lady. It might take her some time to dress. The watchman went into an elevator and John watched the ele-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vator disappear upwards with its reluctant angel of mercy.

He went to a bench near the entrance and sat down. It slowly dawned on him that he was causing someone considerable trouble. He became appalled. What his friends had failed to accomplish, his anticipation of facing the Superintendent of Nurses did. His hiccoughs stopped. He waited several minutes before he felt sure they would not return. Relief surged over him, but brought with it a difficult decision.

John knew he could walk out the door, disappear into the night and no one would ever face him with his cowardice. He also knew that upstairs the Superintendent had been awakened and was now dressing to come and minister to him. It was a nice moral dilemma he had to struggle with.

John Peter Toohey was a responsible man and he sat his ground. After some time he heard the elevator descending. Its door opened and out of the cage a stately woman strode toward him. He knew instantly why she had risen to the rank of Superintendent. Before she reached John he got to his feet and before she could ask him a question he asked her one:

"Would you like to have two seats to the Music Box?"

—Howard Lindsay.

• • •

THE NEW MUSE

Alas, what boots it if with gifts of song
Euterpe and Polymnia endow you!
You look for laurels? Follow with the throng,
Leave Erato and all the rest, and bow to
The Tutelary Genius of the
"How To. . ."

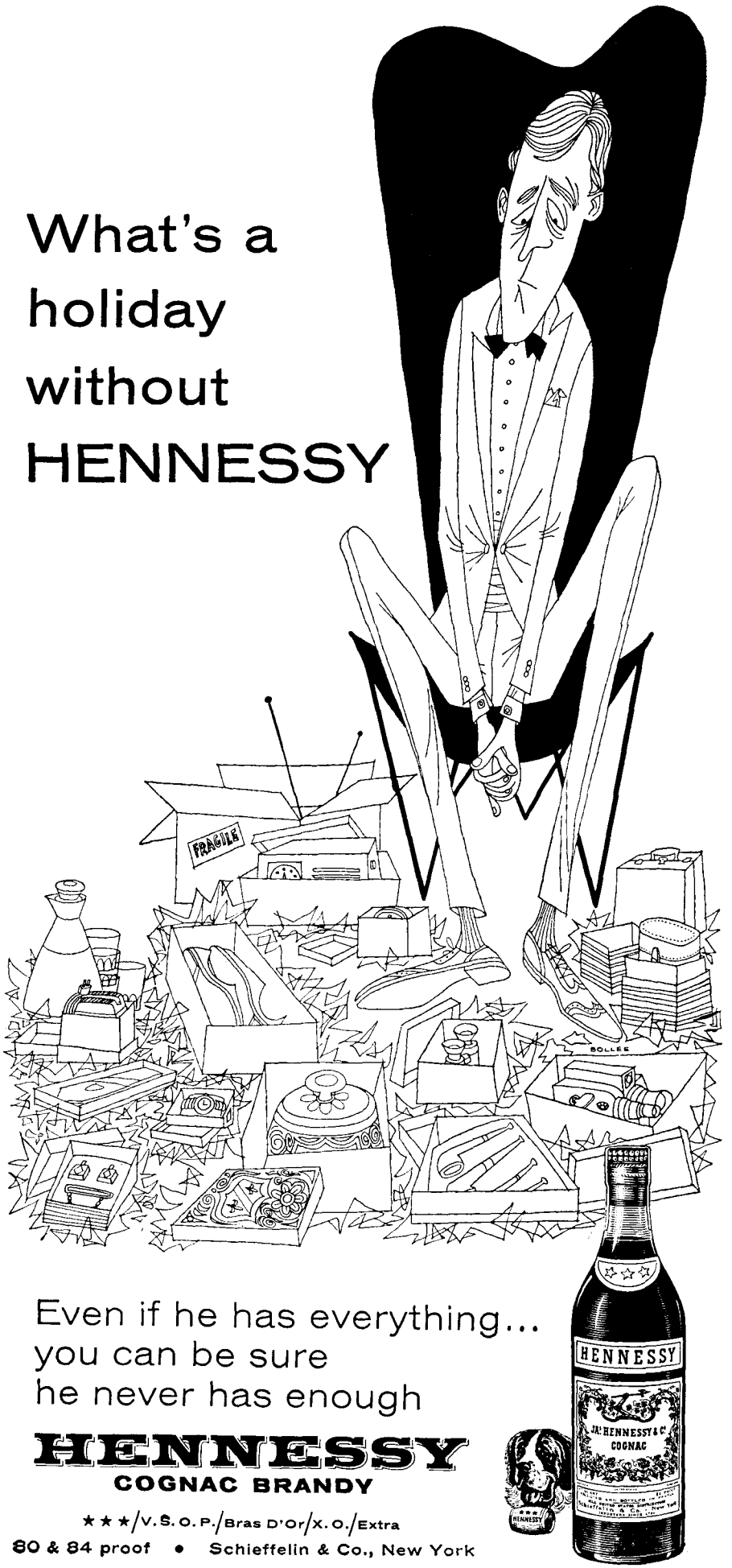
—Sister Moira, *S. C. N.*

• • •

THE SPANISH LANGUAGE EDITORIALIZES

SPANISH RESEMBLES English in many ways. This is especially true in the case of modern inventions which have required completely new words. The automobile is "*el automóvil.*" The radio is "*el radio.*" The telephone is "*el teléfono.*" Electricity is "*la electricidad.*" In all these words, Spanish has borrowed the appropriate root word from English. Therefore, it is interesting to note that the Spanish word for "juke-box" is "*el tragadiece.*"

—Lee Projector.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

ONLY IN AMERICA'S Harry Golden continues on, with his unorthodox newspaper, *The Carolina Israelite*, growing with the success of his two best-sellers.

His latest idea to fight anti-Semitism is to create a CARE package to be sent immediately to all anti-Semites. In it, he would include Jewish rye bread, a jar of marinated herring, a nice piece of pastrami, some frozen blintzes, and a half-dozen thin potato latkes with a jar of applesauce.

"The three ideas which unite all of mankind," he says in a lead editorial, "are prayer, love, and food."

ONLY IN WESTPORT, Connecticut, Mr. Golden points out in a later column, could you find a plush ice cream parlor which could offer a glass of "For 2¢ Plain" for exactly one dollar.

One item overlooked by the editor in his editorial columns is an advertisement carried in the *Israelite*.

It's an ad for the Dunn Inn, run by a Mrs. Dunn, with no pun intended.

ONLY IN A DELICATESSEN can those aromas arise which make a gourmet swoon, Mr. Golden goes on to comment. He tells of a supermarket chain which is now trying to recreate this unmatchable fragrance chemically, for a chain of eighty stores.

With essential oils (the chemicals used to create aromas) running at about $1500 a pound, the price of salami is likely to climb, along with the aroma, to high heaven.

ONLY IN THESE modern times would they think of a cookbook with water-resistant paper and non-smudging ink. But surely enough, the new "General Foods Kitchens Cookbook" has come along with just that, along with a cover which can be wiped clean by a chef who might get careless.

ONLY IN FRANCE and Italy is grown that aromatic fungus of the genus *Tuber* known as the truffle; and one simple truffle left out on your kitchen table overnight will perfume your entire house for days. If you ever decide to have a fresh truffle around the house (at a neat $15 a pound), the only way to keep its aroma to itself is to seal it in a jar filled with rice or grain.

We learned all this in a chat with one of the crown princes of truffledom, a Mr. Paul Urbani, who eats, sleeps, and talks truffles with the zeal of a springy young missionary. He lives in a modest home near Trenton, New Jersey, where he stores in his smallish cellar several hundred thousand dollars' worth of truffles, imported from his family business in Italy. (You could store over two million dollars' worth in a fair-sized living room.)

"A shipment of fresh truffles arrived for me at Idlewild Airport not long ago," he told us, "and I had to wait a day before I could get out to pick them up. First thing you know, everybody at the airport was calling up to find out what the aroma floating around was. It's a powerful, delicious seasoner. A piece half the size of your fingernail can transform an ordinary dish into a gourmet's delight."

All those things you've heard about truffles being rooted up out of the ground by dogs are true. The hunting season in Italy opens in September, and the Urbanis' hounds and masters take to the hunt during that time, including one ninety-nine-year-old gentleman they called Rabbit, who has literally been at it for ninety years. He's had as many as twenty-five dogs working for him, and he's still spry and active.

There is no such thing as a truffle hound; any mongrel dog will do. And after years of training, the dogs are invaluable.

"Problem is," said Mr. Urbani, "that the dogs are wild about truffles, and you have to be pretty handy with the leash to keep them from doing away with a few hundred dollars' worth of them in a few gobbles. The French use pigs, but we find them even harder to control. Take a mongrel with a good pointed snout, give him plenty of training, and you've got the best."

Truffles cannot be grown in this country, in spite of a lot of effort to do so. "I'd like to see it myself," said Mr. Urbani. "We simply cannot get enough product to sell. If even one per cent of the American public used truffles, the entire world supply would be used up."

A whole truffle looks somewhat like a small blackened, dried, and lumpy tangerine, and it grows two to nine inches underground at the base of oak trees. It's impossible to predict the yearly crop, and it takes ten to fifteen years for a grove of oak trees to mature enough to produce them. Mr. Urbani's family have been in the truffle business for over a hundred years, and about fifty women scrub and pack the tiny vegetables, wearing uniforms without pockets to relieve them of temptation. "The men think more of the dogs than they do of their wives," said Urbani peeling a truffle to show us the grain inside. "And remember this—truffles are the key to the best eating places in the world."

We left Mr. Urbani taking half a truffle with us, and went home to bury it quickly in rice.

ONLY IN ENGLAND can over half of the population claim to be reading a book at any given time.

Robert Kenyon, president of the Magazine Publishers Association, quoted in a recent speech some rather shocking readership figures compiled by the Gallup people.

Of the English, 55 per cent said yes when asked whether they were reading a book at the time of the survey.

Of the Germans, 45 per cent said yes.

For Australia and Canada, the results were 33 per cent and 31 per cent, respectively.

Only in America, among the nations surveyed, was the figure really low: 17 per cent. Kenyon went on to say that fewer than half the people in this country *ever* read a book (aside from compulsory school books), and that fewer than one out of five ever buy a book.

ONLY IN ALASKA has it been impossible to find a native guidebook up to this time. But David McKay is seeing to it that this situation is corrected with the publication of "McKay's Guide to Alaska," which will acquaint Americans with their new state, originally bought from Russia at less than "two cents plain" an acre.

We are informed also that there are very definitely salesmen who have sold refrigerators to Eskimos, to say nothing of lawn mowers, so one more colorful figure of speech will have to bite the dust.

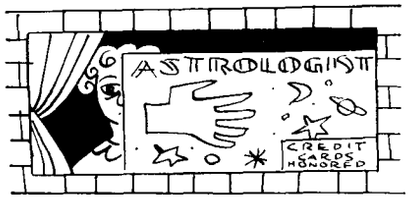
ONLY IN IGNORANCE of the full story could otherwise reputable publications continue to accept advertisements from the vanity publishers, after repeated exposés by the National Better Business Bureau, the FTC, and TRADE WINDS' own exposé [*SR*, Aug. 1] starring the fictional poet Mary B. Copeland. But some publications, one a leading light in the field of education, still do accept them.

During the past two years, the FTC

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has ordered five vanity publishers to quit misrepresenting the character of their business and the services they perform for authors. The publishers named are: Vantage Press, Comet Press, Greenwich Book Publishers, Exposition Press, and Pageant Press, all of New York.

While these subsidy publishers have agreed to cease and desist, the FTC points out: "To flatter an author for the sole purpose of taking his money is a deceptive practice which can be halted by an FTC order, but this is



small consolation for the victimized writer whose hard work and high hopes have been abused in order to provide the vanity publishers quick profit."

The NBBB bulletin suggests: (1) Discuss your writing ambitions with knowledgeable people you can trust. (2) If a publisher asks you to pay any money, realize that you are bearing the costs and assuming the risks, and the publisher will make his profit from you. (3) Ask for the names of fifteen to twenty authors who have paid for their own publication, and *received back the amount of money they paid.* (4) Don't be fooled by flattering forecasts about the importance of your work. If they are that flattering, the publisher will assume the cost. (5) Don't let your vanity get the better of your judgment.

ONLY IN THIS ERA of credit cards could the following happen: In an upstairs window on the corner of 55th Street and Lexington Avenue in New York, an astrologer's sign announces fortune telling, astrology readings, and the like.

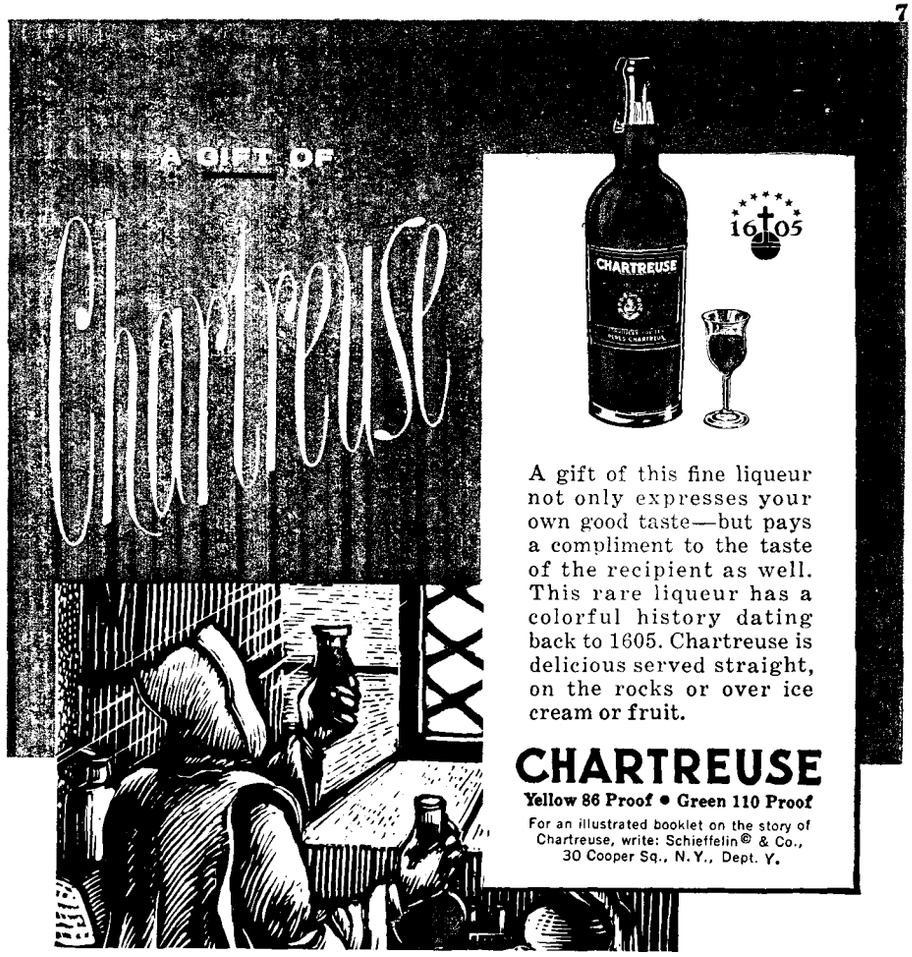
Pasted neatly in a corner is another sign: AMERICAN EXPRESS CREDIT CARDS HONORED HERE.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1342)

C. ARMSTRONG:
SEVENTEEN WIDOWS (OF SAN SOUCI)
(Suggested by Lewis Gluick)

Southern California believed in artificially reminding itself of Christmas, while its terrain, climate, palms and fig trees, the desert, arid mountains—all this was indeed the real Christmas setting in Palestine, almost two thousand years ago!


A GIFT OF
Chartreuse
CHARTREUSE
1605
A gift of this fine liqueur not only expresses your own good taste—but pays a compliment to the taste of the recipient as well. This rare liqueur has a colorful history dating back to 1605. Chartreuse is delicious served straight, on the rocks or over ice cream or fruit.
CHARTREUSE
Yellow 86 Proof • Green 110 Proof
For an illustrated booklet on the story of Chartreuse, write: Schieffelin© & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y., Dept. Y.

GREECE *welcomes the world*

Superb,

Supreme,

Enchanting...

NATIONAL TOURIST ORGANIZATION
4, STADIUM STREET — ATHENS

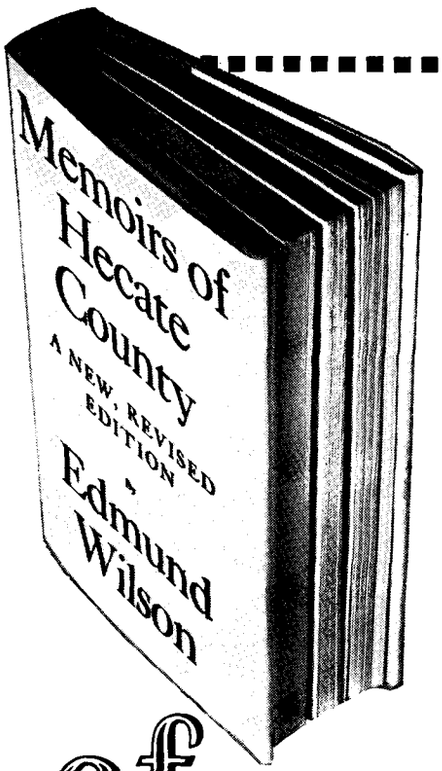
Don't Miss SR's Annual Business Issue — January 16th

THE MOUNTING CRISIS WITHIN THE FREE WORLD ECONOMY

United We Prosper — Divided We Fall

Edited Jointly With The Committee For Economic Development (CED)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Edmund Wilson's Memoirs of Hecate County

THIS IS the book that became a *cause célèbre* when it was first published thirteen years ago.

As a major work of fiction by America's leading critic it created a sensation in literary circles. Beyond that, its frankness made it the most talked-about, argued-about book of the decade.

As *Time* magazine reported on the book's first appearance: "Such civilized writing and observation are rare in the U.S. nowadays, and on its merits *Memoirs of Hecate County* is pretty certainly the best contemporary chronicle, so far, of its place and period."

The book was banned in New York State and the case was fought through the lower courts to the U.S. Supreme Court, where the ban was upheld by a 4-4 decision, with one abstention. This gave New York the strange distinction of being the only state of the Union to forbid the sale of the book.

It is available in England. In 1952 a shipment of the British edition was seized by U.S. customs, but the case was won by the defendant, and the book was therefore cleared by the Commissioner of Customs.

Now Edmund Wilson has polished and perfected this devastating portrayal of the waspish women of suburbia. He describes it as "my favorite among my books." After 12 years, we are proud to make this important work once again available to you, the American reader.

$6.00. An L. C. Page book. Distributed by FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY
Not for sale in New York State.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

DECEMBER 19, 1959

THE NEW FRANKNESS IN FILMS

There is unrest in the motion-picture industry today, and not only in Hollywood but throughout the film-producing world. New themes, new trends, new names have flashed across our screens during the past year, new paths are being cut through for the future. In America, film makers, with greater independence than they have ever known, are feverishly blending together new ingredients, new concoctions, hoping to lure back into the theatres not merely that part of the audience that has defected to television, but also those who had hitherto scorned the movies as crude, vulgar, and immature. "Maturity" has suddenly become a fetish. The sound tracks carry dialogue that would have been unthinkable as little as a year ago; the scripts contain situations hitherto expressly forbidden. In England, France, Germany, and Poland, young directors are smashing the conventions of their own industries with an equal vigor—and their works are finding favor both at home and in this country.

This revolution is posing new problems for the studios. Almost ready to capitulate to television a year ago, they have discovered that the public is still there, eager to see and support their films—if their films are different enough from run-of-the-mill TV fare. What are these problems? What are these new directions that films have taken in 1959—and why? What changes, what decisions lie just ahead? In this survey, SR attempts to probe the implications of the new frankness in films.—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

1. In This Corner—Hollywood

By WILLIAM FADIMAN,
Executive story director of the Columbia Pictures Corporation, who has also been a journalist, film producer, and critic.

A NEW FRANKNESS in films has made its appearance on the Hollywood scene, but many of the Old-Guard attitudes persist. *The New York Times* recently reported one of Hollywood's veteran producers as saying, "If somebody sends me a literate script, you know what I do with it? I throw it in the wastebasket, that's what I do with it. I make films to appeal to the lowest common denominator."

This quotation epitomizes the condescension that seems to pervade the approach of some film-makers towards their audiences, a condescension that is accelerating the already sharp decline in attendance at films. Yet the ironic twist is that our much-maligned audience seems well on its way to outgrowing our producers. Each year the sale of good paper-backed books mounts higher into the millions; broadcasts dealing with politics, education, science, music, the humanities are winning an impressive following; our colleges cannot accommodate all the students requesting entrance; and adult-education institutions are enjoying an unprecedented boom. I believe that in view of these trends the movie-making fraternity should abandon its comfortable assumption that the mental age of its audience is twelve. However, I also believe that any attempt to turn out "mature" films on a major scale will involve movie-makers in problems little understood by most of Hollywood's critics.

THE major problem faced by the movie community is one customarily ignored by those film critics who take literally the M-G-M slogan, *Ars Gratia Artis*. Films are in fact not primarily an art, they are an art-industry; and much more of the latter than the former. We film people are constantly preoccupied with dividends (or the lack of them), with credit and balance sheets, with profit- and loss-statements. We are accountable to the public as customers; but we are also accountable to many of them as stockholders. In this sense, the corner of Hollywood and Vine and the corner of Wall St. and Broadway are by no means 3,000 miles apart.

Another problem is posed by the relatively new phenomenon of internationalism. Increasingly, we must please Bombay, Shanghai, Berlin, Caracas, Paris, London, Copenhagen, Rome, Zurich, and Brussels, as well as New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and points in between. This situation in turn necessitates knowledge of constantly shifting tastes and entertainment-patterns in all the nations of the earth. We must cater simultaneously to our own evolving culture-standards and to those of nations with vastly different customs and conventions. We do not deal with America; we deal with the world. Nor do we lack competition from foreign shores. Other nations, too, have either burgeoning or well established film factories from which flow "products" seriously rivalling our own. Since more than fifty per cent of our total revenue derives from countries other than our own, "internationalism" is a factor of prime importance. Another problem is that of censorship, which continues to be a thorn in our sides, artistically and financially. Censorship takes many forms: there are community, city, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state regulations, to say nothing of the national taboos we must guard against transgressing wherever films are shown. We are custodians of a public trust in mores, manners, and morals, and are constantly subjected to powerful pressures from many sources, including the world of politics.

Rising expenses in all areas not only menace our profit margins, but threaten our very future. Like other industries, we have our share of internecine industrial conflicts, and we have our strikes and our lockouts. In common with the rest of America, our costs are spiraling skywards: there are more heated Hollywood conferences about mounting overhead than about the selection of stories.

Another difficulty is the unpredictability of the public's reaction to our productions. There is no formula that can guarantee public acceptance of a film. Occasionally, we circulate synopses of films in various regions of the country, hoping thereby to predict the fate of the films themselves. However, the ultimate vote at the box office is often in sharp variance with our findings. We surmise, we estimate, we guess; but we really never know. There is no way of gauging public opinion; it remains a permanent enigma.

The latest threat to the movies is, of course, television. Here the battle is titanic, the stakes high, the contestants redoubtable. In taking on television, the films are combating a foe which has thus far avoided the pitfalls of international distribution, and whose censorship conflicts are still relatively minuscule. Here is a contender for public favor which fights with the only weapon against which we have no defense. Here is entertainment which is free.

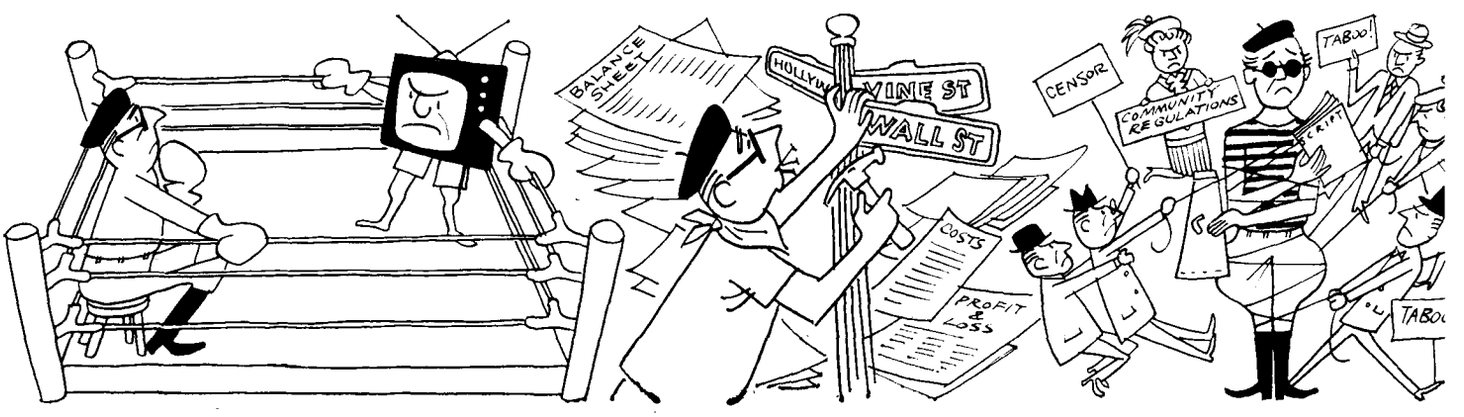
Of course there are other competing media, which, unlike television, are not in the something-for-nothing category. These doughty rivals of ours for America's leisure-time dollar include books and plays. Are these media more literate than films? The answer is yes. Not that Publisher's Row is located on Mount Parnassus; nor has Broadway moved to Mount Olympus. However, there are more books and plays evidencing discrimination and quality than there are films in proportionate numbers. The Academy Awards which crown filmdom's highest achievements cannot be equated, in terms of literacy, with the Pulitzer Prizes awarded books and plays. (Much more than incidentally, it is time some consideration was given to granting a Pulitzer Prize in films; such an award might well raise our intellectual insights). It has been said that the financial risks of producing plays or publishing books are considerably less than the risks involved in film production. But this is a specious argument, for it is equally true that the profits in successful films are infinitely greater, and we are concerned here with percentages.

In 1958, approximately 2,200 fiction titles were published in America. Broadway was host to sixty-eight plays during the same year and about ten more found a haven in off-Broadway theatres. A number of the books became best-sellers; probably a dozen of the plays are classified as hits. The film industry released some five hundred feature-length films during the same period. It must be conceded that the proportion of literate plays and books was far higher than that of literate films. Significantly, each book sold is read by five people, not counting copies circulated through rental libraries. While Broadway plays obviously do not have so wide a primary "circulation" as books do, publishers have recently found a ready reader-market for these dramas in book form. Nor should we omit mention of those books and plays which did not achieve wide popularity, but which nevertheless were applauded for their high quality.

WE have always assumed that New York theatregoers have a higher degree of perception and appreciation than the inhabitants of Burning Stump or Bent Knee, Hinterlands, U.S.A. This notion may have little to do with formal education. It derives largely from the presumption that New Yorkers are urbane, cosmopolitan in outlook, exposed to a large variety of influences—and are, therefore, a discriminating audience. Consequently, play producers have a seeming advantage over film producers, an advantage which I think has been too readily conceded by Hollywood. We have acknowledged the advantage without examining its cause. We have forgotten that thousands of transient pleasure-seekers from Burning Stump and Bent Knee are the mainstays of the Broadway theatre. We have forgotten that it is our patrons, our film-goers, our customers from the cities and the "sticks," who have manifested this higher level of judgment and receptivity. We have forgotten that the "sticks" are no longer isolated, inhibited, inbred hamlets; this is an age of mass communication and mass movement. This is the age of the auto, the radio, yes, even the television set. This is an age of awakening, not of somnolence.

The book readers of America fall into numerous classifications, but it is patent that there is a constantly growing number of them who are not satisfied with third-rate literature, drug-store-counter pap, lurid fiction. A careful examination of the best sellers selected by the public over the past five years provides stirring evidence of growing good taste. Again and again books which are not remotely "entertaining" in the conventional, undemanding sense have been enthusiastically received, enthusiastically read, and enthusiastically catapulted onto best-seller lists.

Not that film companies are indifferent to such lists; on the contrary, we read them assiduously. But largely for the wrong reasons. We are more interested in the number of books sold than in the contents themselves. We study these lists as a means of convincing ourselves that we should acquire individual titles for the screen; but we do not pause and ask ourselves questions about the kind of books America is



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reading. What do these books have in common? Why is the public welcoming certain books and rejecting others? Why are more books of merit being read now than ever before? Who is reading them?

By now the movie-makers should be convinced that approval of books of distinction can be equated with a desire for films of distinction. We should start supplying films aimed at the people who read these books, films capable of making a profit for the producer and pleasing the patrons. We are far from becoming a nation of egg-heads; but we are certainly not the nation of mutton-heads that many film makers envisage. America is growing up; we must grow up with it.

What specific efforts has Hollywood made to invade this ever-widening circle of literacy? How has it demonstrated its awareness of this interest in adult entertainment? Is it acting boldly and independently to attract this new audience, or has it shown a lamentable dependence upon the success-formulas of others? During the last five years Hollywood has purchased many best sellers and hit plays. Without doubt these purchases included novels and plays of genuine worth, but what persuaded us to acquire them? What aroused our initial interest? Was it an authentic recognition of the public's obvious concern for adult story-material? Was it solely the value of the particular story? Or were we guided all too frequently by the author's prominence, by his past record of success, or by the advertising budget allotted to the book by the publisher?

Hollywood is too much inclined to purchase a "property" because of its corollary values, rather than for its intrinsic narrative superiority. Not that good judgment plays no role in our estimate; but it is frequently clouded and obscured by tangential, peripheral considerations. And these considerations are determined for us in most instances by people outside the film industry.

We are poll-worshipers, even though we have learned the worthlessness of polls when they are applied to our own finished product. We venerate rating-sheets and test cases. Hence our fevered admiration for popularity indices. Hence our purchase of best sellers, hit plays, and stories by celebrated "name" writers.

We have borrowed a magical word from the unhidden persuaders of Madison Avenue—"penetration." By penetration we mean a proven, substantiated acceptance of a "property" by theatregoers or book-buyers or magazine-readers or television-viewers. We believe that if it has achieved sufficient penetration in the other media, a property is a fit screen vehicle. I do not object to this policy when it is followed judiciously; I do object to it when it diminishes our own judgment, our own faith. It would be naïve of us to ignore significant trends in allied media; but I think we are lacking in intelligence if we do not analyze the reasons for the public's preferences, which are infinitely more significant than the preferences themselves.

I do not denounce these "pre-sold" vehicles *per se;* they are indeed a welcome addition to our catalogue of film stories. One beneficial result of our current follow-the-leader policy has been the production of truly distinguished stories from the play, book, and magazine domains. I do not deny the commercial advantages of this practice; but I take exception to its becoming the major way in which our story material is acquired. "Nothing succeeds like success," we therefore acquire a "property" in a mood of puzzled acquiescence, saying in a bemused manner, "Nobody likes it but the public." We are governed by fear where we should be governed by boldness.

THE next time you are at the movies, note how the writing credits carry the phrase: "based upon" or "adapted from" or "suggested by." It is only rarely that you will find the simple statement, "written by," or "story and screenplay by." It is this paucity of writing done expressly for the screen that I lament; it is this regrettable dependence upon outside aid that I deplore, this unwillingness to create for ourselves fine "original" films which are commensurate with reality, instead of being predicated on gratuitous, outworn assumptions about the mental age of American audiences.

Is it possible that the film industry does not create original films because it lacks creative writers? On the contrary, the 1,400-man membership of the Screen Writer's Guild includes some of the most distinguished fiction writers of our day. But, again, these are "borrowed" talents, men and women whose major occupation is writing in other media, but who occasionally or frequently (depending on their financial needs) lend their skills to Hollywood. Only in unusual circumstances are they hired to create original stories. They are "adapters"; they ordinarily use their craft and ingenuity to transform or adapt a book or a play, rather than to write a story specifically for the screen. They are not asked to be creators in the meaningful sense of that term; they re-create, they re-interpret; they re-model; they re-style.

IN TV, of course, most of the dozen or so dramatists devote the major portion of their working time to television itself. They may well write plays or novels or short stories now and again; but their principal activity is filling the black box on the wall. This is their profession and they create directly for it without "adaptation." A sizable number of their contributions have already excited critical acclaim and audience interest. I do not make the absurd claim that all television is of superior, literate quality. Far from it. However, I do claim that its better writers function unhampered and largely unhelped by other media of entertainment.

An ironic proof of the value of these creative television writers is the

(*Continued on page* 47)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. New Wave: Orpheus in Rio

By HOLLIS ALPERT

THE LEGEND OF Orpheus has attracted poets ranging from Horace to Rilke; Gluck used the theme for a revolutionary opera, Tennessee Williams and Jean Anouilh for contemporary plays, Balanchine for a ballet, Cocteau for a film. Now it forms the basis of a stunning film made in Brazil by a French director, Marcel Camus, whose Brazilian Negro players speak their native variety of Portuguese. The movie has been hailed as the most unusual of the many made by the "new wave" of French directors, examples of whose work are currently invading the art houses. Ingmar Bergman has been pushed slightly aside for the time being: Malle, Chabrol, Truffaut, and Camus are the *dernier cri.* Cannes made it official by awarding its grand prize to **"Orpheu Negro,"** or "Black Orpheus," as it is titled here. Without doubt, it is a quite marvelous film experience, blending really gorgeous color, hypnotizing sound and music, the frenetic hi-jinks of the Rio Carnival, and a furious display of energy by a largely amateur group of actors.

La nouvelle vague, a term in use for the past year, is showing signs of wear and tear. A label fastened on a *klatsch* of some twenty youngish French directors, it may soon be old-hat, if it isn't already. Neo-romanticism looks to be the next war-cry, and why not? Italian neo-realism appears to be dead, and is suitable for framing in a historic context by the film pundits, an eager sect, always ready to apply new classifications. *Sight and Sound,* a sober, dignified English film periodical, an adult fan magazine, has already tentatively brought the matter up for discussion. *Les Lettres Francaise* assures us that neo-romanticism is here to stay for awhile. Naturally, Marcel Camus has been referred to as one of the major prophets of the new movement.

I tend to recoil instinctively from the use of an all-inclusive terminology to describe a group of new movies. There has always been fashion in movie-making, there have been imitative cycles, and more or less unreasoning preferences by the huge herd of movie-goers who inhabit the world. I suspect that this year's neo-romanticism may well be next year's cold dish of tea, but meanwhile I can't help being fascinated by a good many of the newer French imports. "Black Orpheus" is perhaps the most fascinating of those we have so far seen here. The visual impact of the film is enormous, the handling by Camus of his unskilled actors is admirable (and so are they), and he has a knack of blasting away at our senses (more than our sensibilities) with striking cinematic imagery.

All this in spite of the fact that his story material is basically familiar, deliberately so. The legend of Orpheus and Eurydice has been transposed into a Rio de Janeiro setting during the carnival. The characters of the legend turn out to be Brazilian Negroes who live on the high bluffs above Rio and who, once a year, celebrate their lust for life in the riotous carnival below. Camus, who persevered to bring the movie into being, is now forty-seven. He began as a painter and sculptor (and this training shows through in the way he has composed his individual shots), languished for five years as a war prisoner, worked as an assistant director for several good French directors, and waited until he was forty-five before making his first feature, "Mort en Fraude," a story of the Vietnamese war. He is no amateur, obviously. Nevertheless, he encountered large difficulties before he was able to finish "Black Orpheus." Specifically, his money ran out, and he spent several months walking about Rio, and undoubtedly saturating himself with the atmosphere he has captured on film, before obtaining additional financing. I understand the Brazilian government, anxious to encourage local film activity, was of considerable assistance to him.

THE story that captured his interest was of Brazilian derivation, a play on the Orpheus theme by Vinitius de Moraes, a Brazilian poet and diplomat. I don't know the play, but it strikes me that the screen adaptation by Jacques Viot is a fairly obvious transposition of the original legend, and fails to capture the timelessness of a myth in terms of the present. Cocteau's "Orphée" was more successful at getting that sort of eerie quality. Nevertheless, "Black Orpheus" is a far more brilliant movie, even though one may wish to quarrel with the way in which the elements of myth are handled. Naming the two Negro lovers Orpheus and Eurydice can be swallowed easily enough, but saying "Down, Cerberus!" to a dog guarding a gate is carrying legendry a trifle too far. I'm afraid that the more one attempts to interpret details in terms of the legend the more confused one gets (a good deal of leeway is allowable, by the way, in Orpheusmanship). Sometimes you see it, sometimes you don't. But this doesn't mean the movie isn't full of vibrant life. It is, indeed.

The girl, played by Marpessa Dawn (an American dancer, as it turns out, and the one non-Brazilian in the cast) is a lovely creature, with a face of dusky innocence, and a body that moves with artlessness and joy. She has come to Rio from a nearby island, followed by a rejected lover intent on killing her. When we catch sight of him he is clothed in his carnival costume: that of Death. Gliding among the bizarrely clothed celebrants, he provides a repetitive note of chilling fantasy. And, fleeing before him, Eurydice is a haunted, pitiable figure. Playing Orpheus to this exotic Eurydice is Breno Mello, in private life a soccer player, and in the story a handsome, gay trolley conductor, who manages to get his guitar redeemed from a pawnshop in time for the carnival. The children who live on the bluffs credit him with the ability to make the sun rise by playing his guitar. When at last he plunges to his death, pursued by Mira (Lourdes de Oliveira), a wanton fury if there ever was one, a child picks up the guitar in time for the rising of the sun. Thus, there will always be an Orpheus, we are told, and I, for one, could have done without the message.

BUT if the legendary aspects now and then fail to excite, the staging of events is for the most part moving and imaginative. When Eurydice flees to the power plant at the end of the trolley line, pursued implacably by her lover, Death, and sought by her lover, Life, it is Orpheus who unwittingly causes her death. Then, still seeking her image, he descends into the city, asks help from the Bureau of Missing Persons, goes into the hospitals, the morgue, places that Camus has called "those white hells . . . of apathy and bureaucracy." The mood here is bleak; it changes to the eerie and the bizarre when Orpheus participates in a "Macumba" ceremony in hopes of raising Eurydice from the dead; and it becomes elegiac as the night of carnival wears to its close and Orpheus has found his Eurydice. Through it all sound the pulsing drums (fate), the insistent rhythms of carnival (life, if you will), and we sense the persistent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presence of the primitive in the gleaming modern city of Rio—all quite irresistible.

With this movie and others France seems to have taken the lead, for this year at least, in the exploring of new film frontiers. Note that in the timespan of a few months we have seen "The Lovers," a poetically handled account of what might be called requited love, and told so unembarrassedly and genuinely that audiences often giggle in embarrassment; "The Cousins," a study of good versus evil played with great frankness against an amoral, decadent background of contemporary Paris; "The 400 Blows," an angry exploration of the world of a child delinquent that is affecting in spite of a confused wavering between the documentary and the dramatic approach; and now "Black Orpheus." Advance word speaks well of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," the work of another young Frenchman, Alain Resnais, and soon to be shown here. In wine terminology, a very great year, but neither quite neo-romantic, quite neo-realistic, nor quite anything but frank and courageous. These movies seem, more than anything else, an outburst of energy and protest against the stupefying and the banal that have glutted theatres for so long and will continue to do so.

The new French directors have had the luck and/or the instinctive good sense to choose subjects that have proved commercially feasible. They certainly seem to have widened the areas of what the movie public, certainly in France and in the art houses elsewhere, will accept. Conditions in France undoubtedly favor more experiment than seems possible here. For one thing, there is not nearly the need for our own elephantine budgets. Shoestring operations are fairly common. High-salaried stars can be dispensed with, if the story is interesting enough, and the expenses can be kept low. Purists among these young directors are inclined to insist that the movie medium is better off with non-professionals. It should be mentioned, too, that a governmental program awards subsidies to directors who make films of unusual quality. Whether the risk of bureaucratic interference exists, as it does in Italy, or not, it at least helped Claude Chabrol make "The Cousins," after he had done his very low-budget "Le Beau Serge." Film clubs exist in large numbers in France, and they help to develop enthusiastic audiences for the rather unfamiliar.

Probably most important in accounting for the sudden upsurge of quality is the urge towards making movies on the part of many talented and intelligent young Frenchmen (some of who first took out their frustrations through film criticism) who have tended to be more intellectual and literary in approach than most of their predecessors. There was a literary tendency, to begin with, in French film-making. Directors like Malle, Chabrol, and Truffaut might have turned to the novel to express themselves if they hadn't found the means to make movies.

YOUNG French intellectuals take their movies very seriously, find them an honorable, significant medium, and like to talk of Huston and Stevens, rather than Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine. The director is the star, and he is regarded as a very serious, artistic fellow, worthy of respect, if not actual adoration. Oddly enough, the French public has followed along. While stars have emerged in these new films — Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Claude Brialy, for instance—the directors cause most of the talk.

But before proclaiming a cinematic renascence in France, it might be better to take a quick glance at the darker side. What we have seen here so far represents the cream. Most of the young directors have turned out stale, clumsily made movies, many of them cheap attempts at commercialism and sensationalism. Roger Vadim, one of the group, after giving the world Brigitte Bardot, has made "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," which the French government considers too daring for export; Vadim claims he will head for Hollywood, where he expects less "interference" with his artistic integrity. Robert Hussein considers himself a member of the elect group even though his "Nude in a White Car" is a cheap bag of tricks, exploitable mainly because of the promise of its title. Even Chabrol, so we hear, is less interested now in quality than in quantity, presumably capitalizing on the reputation he has earned for his more serious work. None of this bodes well for the future. The so-called wave may already have spent itself. Meanwhile "Black Orpheus" and others are there for the venturesome among movie-goers. Next year—who knows?—the old wave may be back, but what we have seen from the newcomers proves, at least, that film is a medium that can be used imaginatively by those gifted with an eye for the visually colorful, and a flair for ideas and story. The trouble is, it takes money as well as experience, and the young French film enthusiasts seem better able to jump this hurdle than their counterparts elsewhere. Dare we call this neo-aggressiveness?

Before the carnival—Orpheus (Breno Mello) is a trolley conductor.

IF this is the quality that is needed to get newer and better movies, it is a pity that we don't have more of it here. Frank Sinatra can make any kind of movie he wants to at any time, but some bright fellow with an idea and a genuine urge to do something different hasn't a prayer. We are struck with movies made in the Hollywood context, and "Solomon and Sheba" at $5,000,000 is a safer bet than a modestly literate item at $100,000. The French have found a way, they aren't wrong, and let's hope they keep it up.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. What Hopes for British Films?

By G. W. STONIER,
British editor and essayist, who, as William Whitebait, also writes film criticism in the New Statesman.

"A HEALTHY British film industry." This is one of those dream phrases that light up every now and then in the thoughts or writings of every English critic. Of course there never was a time when the British film industry was healthy, and some say there never will be. Unhealthiness is its very nature as it moves from one crisis to another, rarely coming within sight of prosperity, staunchly refusing to recognize talent. So a poor cousin to Hollywood, it has always been; so it always . . . but now, we aren't quite sure. There's just the chance of a miracle, a regeneration.

Before speculating about a cleanup, suppose we consider the mess. In recent years this has taken the form of monopoly in the wrong hands: those who own the cinema circuits either make or dictate the films, and needless to say these people are, so far as film-making goes, quite incompetent. They don't know a good film when they see one; what they do know—or think they do—is the kind of film that will keep their cinemas reasonably filled, so that profits from the sale of ice-cream, etc., are assured. They have created and conditioned an audience of sheep. Recently the bad neighbor Television has whistled away quite an appreciable proportion of their flocks. So there is panic. Producers are either getting out of the industry or going Anglo-American, or sinking lower than they ever dared.

This phenomenon of the producer-distributor-cinema-owner is unknown in America, where the various functions are strictly segregated by law. Its stranglehold on British films has been such that any good film-in-the-making has had to run the gauntlet at every step; and under such a system, needless to say, good films have been scarce. For a time—out of the theatre, say—might come a Noel Coward drive or a Shakespearean flourish and alarm from Olivier: admirable adjuncts, if the body of film-making had been whole and sound. But it never was! What was needed was a movement within British cinema itself, a competitiveness in talent, and this never eventuated; though Ealing films under Michael Balcon came near the real thing, and Grierson's Group 3 set out with the best intentions.

So far as there has been a genuine British cinema it has been in comedy, with "Kind Hearts and Coronets" and "Genevieve"—isolated triumphs—and in social documentary. The latter indeed, being to some extent clear of the octopus system, has brought out our most native impulses. Realism and poetry are the two qualities so encouraged, both of course unacceptable to commercial cinema. They will be found, comparatively unchained by bureaucracy, in the war films made by Humphrey Jennings for the Ministry of Information. He has claims to be regarded as the best film director England has produced: anyone wishing to test this statement should look out at his local film-society or classics house for "Fires Were Started," "Listen to Britain," and "Letter to Timothy." Jennings was a contemporary of Auden and Spender, and his films to some extent share their climate, while transcending their limitation of being matey and eclectic in the same breath. Not only do these films by Jennings—fragmentary in vision and limited by the occasion of wartime—contribute something essential to our communication of ourselves through the screen; they are also an implicit criticism of the commercial system, with its feature films that wholly reject such values.

I WOULD stress the importance of poetic documentary, and its protest against the cheap commercialism of film-making in England, because that is the recurring situation that again, in the last ten years, has crystallized. The Free Cinema of Lindsay Anderson, Karel Reisz, Tony Richardson, and others once more utters a protest against a national industry incapable of sustaining any movement within itself. Its aim is to show people to themselves, and insofar as it has done this it has avoided the twin pitfalls of documentary: on the one hand Grierson's rigid puritanism, and on the other the inchoate feelings of Jennings. Free Cinema has discovered an easier approach to common life, found its excitement in people rather than things, opened windows on a new world, that of everyday life. People as they are, and not as they or others would like them to be, will always be the true center of cinema: again and again, with Dovshenko, with Flaherty, and Satyajit Ray, we come back to that—or don't come, to our detriment. The most difficult vision of all perhaps, and certainly the one for which films are most suited, is to see people and things in themselves, to use the camera for truth and not as a liar. The exponents of Free Cinema have argued this forcibly in print, and—more important—in celluloid. Because their case is unanswerable, this minority movement has in its three years' existence exerted a vital influence. It has captured the young, it has shown up current illusions and tricks, and substituted living for make-believe. Lindsay Anderson, polemical leader of the group, has taken his camera into a deaf-and-dumb children's school ("Thursday's Children") and through a day at Covent Garden, the big London vegetable and flower market ("Every Day Except Christmas"); in "Wakefield Express" he has caught local behavior at an Armistice Day ceremony with the savagery of a Bunuel, and "O Dreamland" releases over its sluggish and bemused holiday crowds the mechanical laughter and horror-lures of the modern fairground. His gifts of observation, satire, social conscience, and poetry might have taken him far in, say, France or Italy; being in England, and being prickly-English himself, he has animated a protest, and perhaps lacks the endurance to hack his way through the commercial jungle. He has side-stepped, for the moment, into the theatre.

ASSOCIATED with Anderson, Karel Reisz has made the two films that give the most genuine glimpse of English youth as it is today: "Momma Don't Allow" takes us into the enthusiasms and oddities of a local dance club; and his recent and far more ambitious "We Are the Lambeth Boys" displays his selectiveness and his gift of getting adolescents to act unawares to a high pitch of intensity. This fifty-minute probe into the habits, goings-on, sights, sounds, chatter, dreams, and problems of teenagers in the London borough where Charlie Chaplin roamed the streets as a child, is the most intimate and startling revelation of English character offered by the screen for I don't know how many years. Reisz has found, for the time being, an understanding patron in the Ford Motor Company; but he has the qualities, too, of being able to adapt himself to the making of feature films which would retain his integrity—if the film industry will have him! He has an ambassador's tact; this if nothing else should gain him viability. Even if excluded from the larger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effort, his importance to English cinema cannot be doubted.

The third of these men of promise is Tony Richardson, co-director with Reisz in the making of "Momma Don't Allow." He has worked in the theatre, as producer of John Osborne's "Look Back in Anger," and his incursion into feature films with a screen version of that play has raised a dust. It is a brilliantly made film that in some ways improves on its original, but there is no getting over the fact that its means, like its origin, are theatrical. This tendency is likely to be increased by another Osborne adaptation, "The Entertainer," and one may wonder whether it can succeed, with Olivier, as anything but a tour de force, and whether in any case a new movement in films can find adequate expression in the translation of a no longer new movement in the London theatre. Still, the spark is there. Thrust, skill, ambition will carry Richardson far, even if we may not be convinced of his direction.

THE fourth man to add to this triumvirate has appeared out of the film industry itself, by one of those freaks that not even a bad system can preclude: Jack Clayton, whose "Room at the Top" caused more stir than any of the films mentioned, including "Look Back in Anger," which it preceded by a few months. This was a film of very mixed qualities, from a novel both socially alert and melodramatic, and the screen grasped at both elements. Brash, shocking, cloaking its rickety structure with a brisk manner, it plunged into love scenes franker than any that have appeared in an English film; provincial manners had a real Yorkshire tinge; the unscrupulousness of the hero gave ironic twists to a plot that in the end turned pure novelese, with a wronged woman driving off into a tree trunk at night. Simone Signoret all but carried off this retreat into barnstorming, though one might wonder what on earth, anyway, this talented French actress was doing in Bradford or wherever it was. However, in the arena of big pictures, this one hit hard, and seemed to be hitting harder than it did; it had an energetic eye, and at least dipped excitingly into that stirabout of the classes that has altered Britain since the war. The hero is no longer a gent. Hats can't be touched because they're no longer worn. Outsiders are in, and woe betide the faithful, the genteel, the stick-in-the-mud.

And what will Clayton's next film be? Nothing special, it seems: whatever may be next on the dog's-eared production rota. There will be a few echoes of "Room at the Top," its gains in sexual frankness and class strife will be copied, and that's about all.

Hopes expressed by many English critics six months ago that we might be at last experiencing a real leap-forward, a tidal advance comparable to that *nouvelle vague* that came to sweep France out of the doldrums, have already dwindled a little. They begin to wonder whether the new wave isn't only a new look, whether behind the tough frontage there may exist not enough talent, drive, seriousness, and business acumen; that in fact the whole thing may be little more than yet another of the attempts of the British film industry to set its house in order while keeping all the old muddle. It is still too early to prophesy, and I hope such fears may be unjustified. Once more I must emphasize that the deciding factor will be as always, not how much new talent and energy are available, but how far commercial backwardness can be goaded, battered, or hoodwinked into taking a chance and letting fly.

Of course the emptying cinemas have shaken things up. Rank, the leading producer-distributor-cinema-owner, has given up film production in favor of gramophone records, but still retains his stranglehold on a circuit of cinemas. Then a number of star actors, including Guinness, John Mills, Richard Todd, and Stanley Baker, are taking the plunge into independent production. This follows the Hollywood pattern of a couple of years ago; but will it really strike a new note in ideas? Not unless script, direction, and editing are lifted clean out of their present channels. The trouble with this kind of rebellion is that usually it turns out to be little more than re-shuffle.

AT the moment the two hopes remain. There's the big hope that, spurred by Free Cinema and a dwindling movie audience, British films may be forced to surpass themselves by circumstance as they were during the war; and there's the lesser hope that a minority movement, mostly in the way of documentaries, will stand a better chance in the east wind of economic embarrassment. The second may be the safer bet; but our hopes—so long as any persist—must be pinned to the first.

Meanwhile, in this interim of vanishing fortunes and shifting values, the British Film Industry is cock-a-hoop in the one field where it can apparently meet and overthrow rivals: the cheap horror film such as "Dracula's Return" with werewolves, bats, rats, and worms.

"I liked it. You couldn't guess what was going to happen the way you can in an Ingmar Bergman movie."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. "Classification"—Boon or Doom for Hollywood?

By FRED HIFT,
who served for nine years on the film staff of Variety, where he specialized in questions of movie censorship.

SOME MONTHS back, in one of those lapses that occasionally befall the statesmen of the movie industry, Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, let it be known at a press conference in Hollywood that his trade organization was giving some preliminary thought to classifying films.

Mr. Johnston was very careful to disassociate himself personally from so radical and unpopular a notion, leaving reporters somewhat puzzled as to his own views on the matter. Nevertheless, the cat was out of the bag—with films becoming so determinedly "adult," there now existed the possibility that the Production Code might be asked to "rate" pictures and recommend them either for grownups only, or for the entire audience.

The angry uproar that followed the Johnston disclosure, linking the idea to something closely resembling treason, quite accurately reflected not only the depth of the problem but also testified to the great sensitivity that pervades the movie business on the vital question of classification. While it is the one procedure which, in theory at least, could serve to silence some of the most violent criticism leveled against Hollywood, it would also intrude on that sacred area where compromise between ethical and moral concerns and the inflexible concept of commercial opportunism can not be tolerated, i.e., the pocketbook.

It is probably safe to predict that, unless forced on the industry through legislation, classification will never come about in the film business, even in its mildest form. It is anathema to most producers, distributors, and theatre operators. They see it as a devilish maneuver to split their audiences, an underhanded attempt to deprive the American family of its rights, not only to "togetherness" but also to deciding what youngsters should or should not see. Classification has been denounced as impractical, harmful, unjust, and undesirable, and as an open sesame to those who would put out "smut" under the label of adult movie entertainment. It has been attacked as censorship, deplored as the ruin of the motion picture business, and decried as the feverish dream of social do-gooders and excited psychiatrists.

And yet none of these—often passionate—arguments touch on the basic and glaring facts, with their often contradictory aspects, which constitute the Hollywood of today. And stripped of their true motivation, which inevitably has its roots in the fear of loss of income, these facts add up to an overwhelming need for quick and decisive action. While enjoying the fruits of its new sensationalism, with its pronounced accent on sex, violence, and candid dialogue, the movie business is heading for a heap of trouble, and the men at the helm know it.

Their audiences have shrunk and the vast majority of movie-goers today is in that impressionable teen-age bracket where fact and fiction are not yet separated by the commonsense, adult frame of reference. Yet, with one eye on the television competition and another on survival, the movies are increasingly turning into a medium for adults; even when Hollywood addresses itself to the teen-age crowd, it tends to choose material which by its very nature is designed to shock. The attitude appears to be that young people today are so much more knowing and sophisticated than they used to be, that to provide them with anything less than the same frank themes that may appeal to their elders would almost constitute an insult to their intelligence and a violation of their rights.

THERE are those, and this writer counts himself among them, who argue that in this breathless chase for the dollar, without the setting up of any safeguards for the young, Hollywood is abdicating its responsibilities as one of the most important media of communications. The trouble, in part, is that many of the men who run the film companies look at movies not as an art, forming strong images and impressions in men's minds, but as entertainment "merchandise." Their concern is not with effects, but with sales and attendance. From this attitude springs that kind of insensitivity which can rationalize classification into an unneeded check, designed only to steal money from the pockets of the enterprising showman.

There is, of course, the other side of the coin, the point of view which holds that movies have become entirely too adult and must be reduced back to the level of the "mass" audience. This viewpoint ignores the fact that, in their march towards maturity, producers have turned out many good and praiseworthy films geared for the grown-up mentality. An example of this "let's-set-the-clock-back" approach came in an editorial written recently in *The Motion Picture Herald,* a film trade publication. "An adult rating would cut right across the best audience," it said. "The theatrical entertainment business is a mass business. No one proposes that all pictures are ideally suited for children. Yet no picture belongs in general distribution that may be reasonably calculated to do harm to patrons of any age."

But Hollywood, for the moment at least, is not listening to either side, and the reaction has been inevitable. Sentiment for censorship of movies is sweeping the country, and is a matter of considerable concern to executives in the film business. Press comment, despite frantic attempts on the part of public relations men in the industry, has been devastating and, at the Production Code end, the situation has created chaos. There is more than passing significance in the fact that Geoffrey Shurlock, the intelligent and able administrator of the Code, has warned that, if things continue this way, he will no longer be able to hold the line.

Mr. Shurlock favors a limited form of classification, extending only to a recommendation by the Code on whether or not a film is suitable for the entire family or for adults only. The idea would be for a theatre owner not to admit a youngster to an "adult" picture unless accompanied by an adult. The thought behind this is that the parent must carry the real responsibility for what his child does or does not see and that the authority of the home must supersede that of any other party. This constitutes the core of the argument against enforced classification, its opponents maintaining that it violates the rights of the family. It is a convenient notion, since it upholds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principle while ignoring the facts of life.

Mr. Shurlock has been pushed into his pro-classification position since it has become perfectly obvious that, under present circumstances, the Code seal of approval has become meaningless. On paper, at least, it used to carry the assurance that a film with a seal was good for the family audience. But the notion of the movies as an absolute mass entertainment has been completely demolished in recent years. Even Mr. Shurlock now knows that he is acting out a farce, and spokesmen for the Code openly admit that their seal no longer means that a given film is suitable entertainment for impressionable young people.

The trouble is that, like so much of the thinking in the tradition-bound movie industry, the Code in its present form has become hopelessly outdated. The studios no longer control the theatres, and Mr. Shurlock today deals with aggressive independents as much as he does with the major lots. It is impossible for him to resist the pressures which, if suppressed, could burst the whole Code structure at the seams. And so, under the label of "liberalization," the Code has let down the barriers to the point where it barely justifies its existence, though Mr. Shurlock's moderating influence still is evident, at least on the taste level.

Since films are more and more based on best-selling books and hit plays, themes, content, and treatment correspond less and less to the requirements of "the mass." There exists the argument that if a child sees a movie about rape, or nymphomania, or homosexuality, or abortion, and it does not understand what it sees, no harm is done; and that, if a youngster does understand, such things can not be kept from him. It is a twisted rationale which—again—serves only to protect the box office.

Even with a toning down by the Code, it is questionable whether some of the titles in the following list are or will be suitable movie entertainment for children: "Blue Denim," "A Summer Place," "It Started with a Kiss," "Lolita," "From the Terrace," "The Night Circus," "Anatomy of a Murder," "The Mountain Is Young," "Strangers When We Meet," "Suddenly Last Summer," "Sons and Lovers," "The Beach Boys," "The Fugitive Kind," "Look Back in Anger," "Butterfield 8," "Room at the Top," "Strike Heaven in the Face," "One-Eyed Jacks," and "The World of Suzie Wong."

That there is a need for a division of the audience into the immature and the adult has long been recognized abroad. Countries like Britain, Germany, Italy, France and others all maintain state-enforced classification systems. France just recently raised the age limit for "adult" pictures from sixteen to eighteen years of age. With only one or two exceptions, the Brigitte Bardot films have not been seen by French children. In Britain, the censor breaks down movies into categories, classifying them as good for the entire family, permitted for children only if accompanied by an adult, and forbidden to youngsters altogether.

Though Hollywood's newly found freedom, unfortunately concentrated too much in the double-entendre and the "daring" sex themes, has pushed the medium towards greater maturity, it has also emphasized the need for a division of the audience. The influential Los Angeles *Times* a while ago shot an angry bolt in the direction of Mr. Johnston. Its editorial said: "It is very questionable whether the producers of movies made on the wilder shores of love would plump for the adult rating; their box office is too heavily supported by the young. The adult-only sign does not beckon any more, if it ever did. We do not want the censor to intervene. But a little time and little more of the same kind of movie, and the censor won't be necessary. The industry will rot away of its self-inflicted infection. Movies will acquire the status of French postcards, if there are any movies left."

It is an astonishing commentary on the "loyalty" of so many movie industry executives that, while they publicly deplore classification of films, privately they admit that it might be a good idea. The very man who pounds the table at a meeting and shouts that rating of movies would ruin the business is the one who will admit, in the quiet of his office, that there are pictures his own company turned out which he would not permit his fifteen-year-old daughter to see.

Men as completely dedicated to the anti-censorship fight as attorney Ephraim S. London, who piloted the "Miracle" case through the U.S. Supreme Court and won the first big battle against pre-release censorship of movies, have come out openly in favor of a rating system enforced, if necessary, by the state. Their condition is that, if classification is introduced, it should take the place of overall censorship, which then would not be needed.

The New Frankness: James Stewart waves a pair of panties in front of witness Kathryn Grant at the climax of rape case featured in "Anatomy of a Murder."

And there are farsighted producers too, like Otto Preminger, who made "Anatomy of a Murder," who recognize that classification is necessary, even if it costs Hollywood some money. "I am completely for a system that lets the Code classify films and then allows theatres to admit children to these films only if they are accompanied by a parent," Mr. Preminger recently told *Variety*, the show-business publication. "Even if you lose revenue under such a system, it is a matter of principle, not money. Once in a while we may have to sacrifice." And Mr. Preminger added: "It is foolish to pretend that, when I make a picture like 'Anatomy of a Murder,' it should be seen by everyone in the whole, broad audience."

Individual organizations, like the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency and the women's Green Sheet groups, put

(*Continued on page* 44)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN

Associate Publisher W. D. PATTERSON
Science Editor JOHN LEAR
Poetry Editor JOHN CIARDI
Assistant Editor HALLOWELL BOWSER
Production Manager PEARL M. STEINHAUS
Book Review Editor ROCHELLE GIRSON
Ass't. Book Review Editor ROLLENE W. SAAL

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY
HARRISON BROWN
JOHN MASON BROWN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
FRANK G. JENNINGS
WALTER MILLIS
ELMO ROPER
JOHN STEINBECK

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT
HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS
ARTHUR KNIGHT
KATHARINE KUH
GILBERT SELDES
ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON
HORACE SUTTON
JOHN T. WINTERICH

The New Frankness in Films

FOR WELL over thirty years critics of the motion picture have been calling for more maturity in American films, for greater social awareness, for the adult treatment of adult themes. Repeatedly, they have pointed to European importations as examples of what movie-making could be if only Hollywood's studios were not so devoted to the almighty dollar. Not infrequently, they blamed censorship, the Legion of Decency, or the industry's own, self-imposed Production Code restrictions for keeping films at a mental level suitable for a retarded twelve-year-old. Some, a bit more perceptive, understood that the movies are a mass entertainment, but argued against the Hollywood habit of searching for the least common denominator in that mass. Fractions made up of millions upon millions of people still constitute a mass, they pointed out, and proposed the production of films for differentiated mass minorities.

All these sound arguments by high-minded critics, it is hardly necessary to emphasize, were of little avail. Apologists for and in the motion picture industry might from time to time point to a handful of films (often the wrong ones), and declare that the movies were indeed traveling onwards and upwards with the arts. But meanwhile your local, neighborhood theatre would probably be double-featuring either an "A" melodrama with a "B" Westerns, or an "A" Western with a "B" melodrama. For both, the essential ingredients were always pretty much the same. Like so many of our commercial products, it was what went into the packaging that made the difference.

Today, this is no longer quite true. Although the costs of production have advanced hideously over the last ten years, the money has not gone exclusively for bigger and gaudier wrappings. In fact, the experience of a few expensive wide-screen flops seems to have convinced the studios, at long last, that cost and quality are not necessarily the same thing—and that present-day audiences can smell out the difference. Hesitantly, even reluctantly, the old-line producers are giving up their comfortable assumptions as to "what the public wants," and making serious efforts to move in new directions. Hastening their footsteps are the resounding successes scored by a younger breed of independent producers not only unfettered by, but downright impatient with, outmoded formulae for box-office success.

IRONICALLY what is pushing the entire industry today in precisely the direction that critics have been demanding these past thirty years is the very thing that they most distrusted—devotion to the almighty dollar. As William Fadiman points out elsewhere in this issue, the hard core of habitual moviegoers has fallen away. They have lost the movie habit. With current high costs of production (created through the joint efforts of stars and unions), the film makers have realized that they must attract into the theatres people who go to the movies only occasionally, and who come to see a specific picture. They must appeal to people who go because there is something that they want to see, not simply because it is Tuesday.

One obvious solution has been to line up as many pre-sold properties as possible, and turn these into movies. Best-selling novels, hit plays, for a time successful television shows—all of these have become grist for the movie mills, far more in demand than ever before. And here is where one of the greatest changes has taken place. In the past, the best-selling novels and hit plays were purchased, then conscientiously transformed to make them into acceptable movie material—acceptable, that is, to the Production Code, the Legion of Decency, and the various censorship boards that graced our nation. Thus a "Children's Hour" could appear with no reference to Lesbianism, a "Streetcar Named Desire" with a passing allusion to homosexuality scissored out despite its director's vigorous protests.

Today, thanks to a number of Supreme Court decisions, the censorship boards have all but disappeared. Thanks to another Supreme Court decision that divorced theatres from the production companies, the teeth have been pulled from the Production Code (which formerly enforced its rulings by seeing to it that no film denied a Production Seal played in any of the major chains controlled by its member companies). Now, because of the need to attract a newer, wider audience, some producers are even daring to defy the Legion of Decency. The postwar years, the years since World War II, have produced a new frankness in literature. Inevitably, with the loosening of these restraints, some of that has begun to rub off on films.

NOT surprisingly, there has been a mounting cry of alarm throughout the country. Film, ordinarily the most cautious of the arts, at last has ventured out on a limb—and volunteers have poured forth with hatchets to lop it off. Curiously they have aimed their blows at the more egregiously successful pictures—"Peyton Place," "Anatomy of a Murder," "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"—films that have won not only favorable critical comment, but wide audience support. Low-budget sex, crime, and horror films, turned out by catchpenny producers to cash in on the trend, have been scrupulously ignored. One wonders, is it the themes these would-be censors resent, or their popularity?

Whatever the cause, producers must quickly learn that if they are to continue making adult films, they must face up to adult responsibilities. No longer can they sustain the fiction that they are producing pictures for "everybody."

(*Continued on page* 45)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The twin editorials on the TV quiz-show scandal—"The Real Fraud," by N.C. and "Exit a Symbol," by John Ciardi* (SR *Nov. 21*)*—brought an inpouring of mail unequalled since that occasioned by Mr. Ciardi's review of a book of poems by Mrs. Anne Morrow Lindbergh* (SR, *Jan. 12, 1957*).

THE EDITORIAL titled "The Real Fraud," by N. C., is the hardest-hitting and most to-the-point assessment of the state of television I have yet seen. Perhaps the best thing about it was that you did not become apologetic at the end as most critics do. I have been utterly amazed for some time at how anyone could seriously contend that the great sight-and-sound power of TV can be so compelling in establishing people's buying habits and yet have no effect on children's minds. It certainly was most gratifying to see someone point out the absurdity of this reasoning, and I am certainly glad you had the courage to do so in print. Incidentally, I have all but given up watching television (except for Murrow, Huntley, and a few others) and have been considering converting my TV receiver into an oscilloscope, in which capacity it would at least be useful.

J. E. BROWN.

Culver City, Calif.

THANK YOU FOR "The Real Fraud." You restore perspective to a nation whose horror over moral fraud can be better focused. Surely there is more to living—in the most modern wicked city or in the wildest Old West territory—than a series of grossly brutal clashes between unhuman bad men and inhumane good men. Even if no harm were done (who can say how much?), this way of filling hours and minds is a pitiable waste. I propose that SR readers organize a TURN-IT-OFF club: membership automatically granted to anyone who turns off a program glamorizing violence; special honorary status to anyone who drops a card to the sponsor or TV station to report, "I turned you off."

MARGARET DEMOREST.

Casper, Wyo.

IF TRIPS TO Russia result in the birth of an article of the bellicose caliber of "The Real Fraud," then by all means make them weekly. By your frontal attack and by your establishing a definite correlation between TV "cheapies" (your word) and juvenile delinquency and crime, you reach the apex of journalistic endeavor. Keep up the grand work, Mr. Editor!

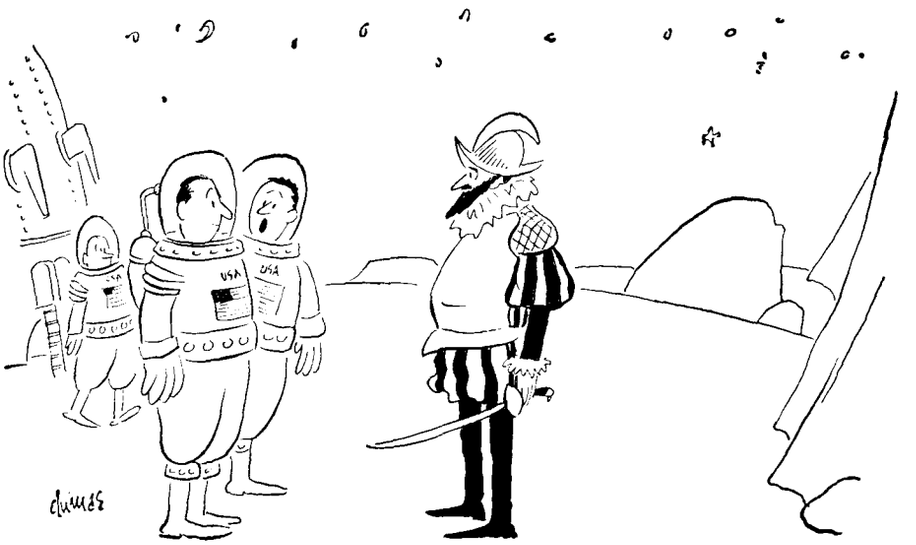
DAVID SPRATLING.

Coral Gables, Fla.

CHEERS AND HEARTY thanks to *Saturday Review* for stating the case against American television with clarity and vitality. "The Real Fraud" should be reprinted in every American newspaper.

GEORGE C. ADAMS.

Williamstown, Mass.



"Technologically speaking, I think we're out in front."

I NEVER EXPECTED to write to *SR* in praise and admiration of an article by John Ciardi! But however much I may disagree with his views on poetry, I cannot refrain from three loud cheers for his editorial, "Exit a Symbol." He has shown us the painful truth and rubbed our noses in it, and I only wish that it would have any effect on what he aptly calls the "intellectualoids."

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD.

San Francisco, Calif.

I THOUGHT THAT John Ciardi's piece about Charles Van Doren was the very best I have read on the subject anywhere—a forthright, temperate, and completely convincing analysis of a very distressing situation. Cheers for Mr. Ciardi—and the *Saturday Review*!

BENNETT CERF.

New York, N. Y.

GUARD YOUR Mr. Ciardi well. What H. L. Mencken did for young Americans of the Twenties and what Phil Wylie did for those of the Forties, he may well be the man to do for my own generation, which needs an iconoclastic shock treatment for subjective honesty more desperately than any of its predecessors. Buncombe is no longer a cultural irritant; it has become, via the mass media, a patterned and nervous way of life. But Mencken ran down long before his debilitating stroke and death, and Wylie appears to be reduced to championing Van Doren "intellectualism" when he isn't attacking Ciardi's poetry critique. Let's have more editorials and articles from John Ciardi like "Exit a Symbol."

T. V. OLSEN.

Rhinelander, Wis.

IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE that Mr. Ciardi, a poetry critic, should write as defensively as possible on behalf of the son of a poet whose work he admires. But he should not so easily seek to slough the blame for Charles Van Doren's defection on us the "fuddle-headed" hoi-polloi. We may indeed be "sponge-heads" but for what transpired . . . we, the people, refuse to shoulder the blame.

The Van Dorens, like Mr. Ciardi himself, belong to that segment of American culture that is so high it has been known as "the Brahmins" ever since the days of Emerson. They are the elite, not only in literature, but in the field of culture itself. And if sociology is right, a country's "mores and morals" come under this wide heading. As symbols of the highest culture these Brahmins have never abdicated; in short, they have never made their exit from the American scene.

Mr. Ciardi says that Charles knew the difference between facts and intellect. He wrote a magazine article about it. (Ah, you magazine editors, what you won't buy for the sake of a name!) The precocious youth must also have read his father's definition of education, (it is my favorite one): "Education renders a man capable, not only to know and to do, but also—and indeed, chiefly—to be." When you say "Bah" to us, Mr. Ciardi, as they say in the Westerns—"Smile!"

ALICE E. CHRISTGAU.

Oakland, Calif.

LET ME POINT out to Mr. Ciardi that even a plushy mouse trap catches only a mouse, and that if he believes man is a weak, frightened creature, helpless before the trap of life, if "most of us would have gone along with Freedman," then Ciardi's article is itself symptomatic of the "national mental flabbiness" that he decries. Van Doren enjoyed golden fruits denied to most people—a brilliant mind, a fine education, a richly endowed family, and he chose to be a teacher of youth. If such a man is not to be blamed when he lived a lie for years and struck at basic institutions by lying to a grand jury, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his college, his employer, and his father (what irony is this when Ciardi says "the item of perjury aside"—this is where Van Doren's moral fiber really broke down)—if such behavior is to be excused in such an individual, then what kind of conduct are we to expect from people deprived economically, socially, and emotionally? I do not share Mr. Ciardi's sneering pessimism. Our society, in part, is sick and flabby but there are also vast numbers of ordinary and extraordinary individuals who continue to make moral decisions. We can and must do this or life has no value.

VIRGINIA A. PRATT.

Kingston, R.I.

I TAKE EXCEPTION to most of the statements made by Mr. Ciardi in "Exit a Symbol." Mr. Ciardi should stick to poetry editing. I feel sure that his philosophy, as reflected in the article, cannot be shared by more than a very minute minority of Americans.

I for one can honestly say that I have been defrauded—and without ever having seen one of the shows in question. There was, of course, no legal crime, but the producers of the show perpetrated a grave moral crime by deliberately furthering the belief that all was fair and aboveboard, even to the extent of depositing questions in the vaults of distinguished banking houses. I read many articles about Mr. Van Doren, and other contestants, and I refuse to be classified as a sucker for having believed in their integrity. I flatly deny that a phoniness in my mind allowed me to accept these people as sincere individuals. As to that, did Mr. Ciardi himself recognize their phoniness prior to their exposure?

Mr. Ciardi's main theme seems to be that a person is flabby and phony if he has faith in the integrity of his fellow man. I feel that I have a normal capacity for discriminating between principle and appearance, but Mr. Ciardi will surely concede that many people are good actors (otherwise, how could espionage agents be of any value?), and hence able to cause others to accept them in good faith.

While Mr. Van Doren may be a victim of his own greed, he is most assuredly not a victim of "that soggy blur that passes as the mind of the overfed American. . . ." Who are Mr. Ciardi's friends? I, for one, know none of the people he is so glib in generalizing about. My friends show critical judgment, and if at times we believe in what subsequently turns out to be a moral fraud, rather that than go through life with a philosophy such as is evidenced in this article.

THELMA CHAPMAN.

Pasadena, Calif.

WHY IS Mr. Ciardi the poetry editor? Why is he not a regular contributor to the editorial page? "Exit a Symbol" reflects his real forte.

JEROME MCMAHON.

Salem, Va.

IN MY PRIVATE Black Hills estate, beside the figures of Schopenhauer and Voltaire, the image of Ciardi is beginning to take shape. I hope he will not—as Mencken did—confound the shoe with the foot—the hat with the head. Ciardi has the guts and the spirit to do an essential job of surgery on the real scoundrels of our time: thee whose skin is veined with power—and whose hearts are loaded with guile. UP CIARDI!

R.E.W.

Oceanside, N. Y.

IT IS A BIT SAD that *SR* should feature a long editorial on the Van Doren case and also a section on John Dewey and creative education. In the editorial Mr. Ciardi says that Van Doren "is a victim of . . . the mind of the over-fed American who insists on a school system in which no one flunks . . ." In contrast, in the Dewey section (page 25) we read that "creative education promotes in the young the ability to evaluate ethical alternatives." I wonder if there is not another school, the one of hard knocks, where one may flunk, as Mr. Van Doren apparently has, in his evaluation of ethical alternatives?

JOHN W. GREEN.

Appleton, Wis.

JUST A NOTE to say a LOUD thank you for those two penetrating pieces by N. C. and John Ciardi re television. I shouted Hallelujah all the way through both. If I had a million I'd buy up enough of that issue to mail one to every TV owner in this "soggy," "desensitized" country, where appearance is equivalent to integrity. We had already started a moral and mental decay; then comes the angel TV to finish the job. If another Dante took a trip to "inferno" he'd be sure to find suffering and screaming "souls"—the TV addicts of former days. When *SR* can have enough honesty and out-and-out guts to publish blasts like these then maybe I should say that there is still hope. May your breed increase! Again, thank you from the bottom of my cynical heart.

D. E. SWANSON.

Oakland, Calif.

PERHAPS ONE WHO need not deal with your advertisers will be permitted to suggest that the "real fraud" lies in a socio-economic system that is antithetical to the Judaeo-Christian ethic. Is there valid hope for rational, moral conduct in a society in which exploitation of one man by another is not only tolerated but apotheosized? Our culture is not immoral, as Mr. Ciardi says it is, but rather *amoral*, deficient in commonly accepted public criteria of good. Indeed, your special-section man John Dewey pinpointed the issue when he suggested that not until morality was rescued from mere exhortation and embodied in the very structure of our society could it seriously affect our conduct. But then, Dewey, like humanitarianism, is bad taste these days.

WILSON SULLIVAN.

Cambridge, Mass.

I WISH TO DIFFER with your approach to the so-called quiz show scandal. The problems now faced by the TV industry and the public cannot be looked at as a singular, isolated series of events. Can we as a group openly condemn Charles Van Doren for having acted as many of us would have, if placed in a similar situation? Yet how many of us would make an honest attempt to return lost property? How many of us are openly deceiving *ourselves* and rationalizing actions which we perform daily? What is the first thought that comes into a person's mind when he gets a traffic ticket? Not what did he do wrong, but how can he get it fixed? Would it not be a possible hypothesis that certain television shows gain great popularity and success only because of the current views towards morality? Let us look for just a short moment at current literature. I'm not quite sure of my figures, but I feel

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Wonderful! Now if you can get three more to match it, I'll have a coat."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it might be a reasonably good guess to say that a major portion of the literary market is controlled by detective stories, juvenile deviations, and lewdness. Let nobody tell me that Mickey Spillane wrote the same quality of detective story as did Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

We should look more closely at the saying in the legal profession, "One must have clean hands before he comes to court," just as we should look more closely at ourselves before condemning any group. The place to start cleaning up is at home.

MYRON URETSKY.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

YOUR ARTICLES "The Real Fraud" and "Exit a Symbol" were an excellent summary of the whole TV scandal. They should be reprinted and distributed wherever possible. How else can we succeed in swaying the public and make them demand a more wholesome entertainment?

Detroit, Mich.

VERA RASICH.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN DEWEY

SR's special treatment of John Dewey's centennial reminds me of something.

John Dewey was my first Sunday school teacher in the old First Congregational Church in Burlington, Vermont. I must have been about seven years old. At one time, the Sunday school lesson was about Abraham and Isaac, and how Abraham was willing to make a sacrifice of Isaac and was all ready to kill him and burn him up when God called him off. When we got to that rather harrowing episode in the Peloubet lessons, which then were current in Congregational Sunday schools, John Dewey skipped the whole thing and told us Bible stories instead. He apparently thought it might be a little too harrowing for little children perhaps to worry about what their own fathers might, under God's command, do to them.

John Dewey's father was still alive at that time and went to our church. He was very old, and looked like Walt Whitman. He had kept a grocery store in Burlington, and they tell me that when John Godfrey Saxe, our Yankee poet, was hard up—as any Vermont poet ought to be—he got Mr. Dewey to give him butter and eggs for rhymed advertisements.

The only other recollection I have of John was that he gave us a sugaring-off party. You took maple Vermont syrup and boiled it down until it became pretty close to sugar. Then you put it on the snow and it made wonderful candy, if you didn't eat too much of it. I remember that I did.

John always loved children, but in this period his life was quite conventional like that of other Vermont youths at this time. He taught Sunday school, and he was in fact our first chairman of the Christian Endeavor Society in our old church. He went through our college, and then went out in the world where he opened up a new line of ideas on education and became famous.

GEORGE W. ALGER.

New York, N.Y.

A REPLY TO ILYA EHRENBURG

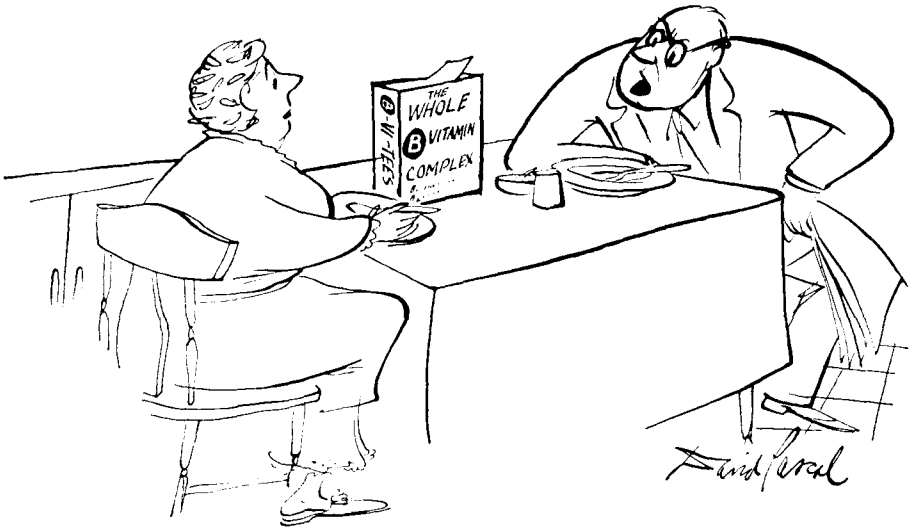
The *Saturday Review* has generously given me an opportunity to reply to the accusation made against me in the issue of October 3. Since some weeks have elapsed since the publication of Mr. Cousins's interview with Ilya Ehrenburg in which the reference to me was made, perhaps it would be best if I repeat what was said.

Mr. Ehrenburg's indignation appears to have been aroused by what he described as ". . . the practice of some of your publishers, when issuing a book by a Soviet writer, to represent the book as something other than it is—and also the author. You will publish Forewords without the authorization of the writer—Forewords that make it appear that the writer is leading a valiant battle against his entire society." Mr. Ehrenburg went on to complain that the American publisher of his novel "The Thaw" although expressly agreeing that no Foreword or Introduction would be included without his consent, included an Epilogue which ". . . couldn't have been more offensive from my standpoint." He went on to say ". . . the incident makes one wonder whether some American publishers are more concerned about the need to appear anti-Communist than about their obligation to literature."

So that the reader may have a clear understanding of what happened (as well as Mr. Cousins who quoted himself as telling Mr. Ehrenburg ". . . there were very few American writers and publishers who would not condemn such practices as he described them"), I should like to point out that an Epilogue is quite a different thing than a Foreword—the *Saturday Review*, for example, referred to the Epilogue in question in its review of October 22, 1955 as "A Supplement." In our edition of Ehrenburg's "The Thaw," the Epilogue was published as a separate essay at the back of the book, had a separate title page, and was even printed in a different type. The Supplement is called "The Death of Art"; its author is Mr. Russell Kirk. Far from representing Mr. Ehrenburg as a man who was "leading a valiant battle against his entire society," it pointed out that when writers become the paid functionaries of the state, art must necessarily die. Kirk remarks, for example, "Ehrenburg, far from being a rebel against the state, is a part of the state, a bureaucrat, a Party functionary; he could not subsist if his works were disapproved, even though immunity from positive punishment were guaranteed to him. In modern Russia, the writer can eat only if he is servile, a state servant. He has no means of his own, and the private patron has been liquidated. The state is the only publisher. Other state servants are the only readers. Ehrenburg is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet and a member of the Soviet commission on foreign affairs: to rebel would not be merely to destroy himself, but to deny himself. Thus the Soviets have gone beyond intolerance by leaving no one in a position to ask for toleration."

One must give Ehrenburg credit for vaguely, and perhaps unconsciously, hinting at this himself in "The Thaw." Bertram D. Wolfe, for example, begins his review of "The Thaw" in the *Herald Tribune* with this remark, "One of the characters in 'The Thaw' is a false artist who keeps his artistic conscience on ice, 'always knows what the shock themes are,' and despite an occasional bad guess, gets ahead by painting the santioned themes and heroes in the sanctioned style ordained by the masters of the state. He is consciously or unconsciously, a projection of the author. Like his false artist, Ehrenburg is artistically knowing and cynical, and always sensitive to the latest line to be stressed in his art. After Stalin's death, while the new men were groping uncertainly for the reins of power and the personal succession, and seeking strength from hints and promises to reform (a period not yet wholly ended), Ehrenburg sensed the 'thaw,' giving this otherwise routine, and trivial, novel a title, and in hints a theme, which accounts for controversy and publicity surrounding it."

It was certainly not my intention to picture Mr. Ehrenburg as a "valiant fighter" for anything, at least anything worth-while. I didn't publish "The Thaw" because I thought that it was a good book—I found it as dull as Mr. Kirk did, but because it seemed to me to give some insight into the Soviet mentality, especially during the period following the death of Stalin, and



"All right, Ellen, so I'm loaded down with B vitamins. Now what?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to show what was considered controversial in the Soviet Union. While the book is in no sense a courageous attack on Soviet life, there are glimmerings of criticism, and most remarkable of all, some of the characters have qualities which might be described as human instead of merely Communist. The party-line attitude toward the whole episode is probably reflected in the following comment by Howard Fast in the *New York Daily Worker:* "Few books have had so unfortunate a history as Ilya Ehrenburg's short novel 'The Thaw.' Published shortly before the Soviet Writer's Congress, it became the center of a sharp controversy at that meeting, not as the prime inciter of the controversy, but as a ready pivot for a host of pros and cons. . . . The second misfortune—and a greater one than the first—was that the book fell into the hands of Henry Regnery Company, of Chicago, a publisher who, if not the most reactionary in America, is certainly among the two or three most reactionary. . . . In any case, the first Soviet novel to be published in years by an American commercial publisher was turned into an anti-Soviet weapon by the manner of its publication—a cheap and unethical piece of business which included with the book an essay by Russell Kirk, a skillful reactionary writer, entitled 'The Death of Art.'"

As for the accusation that "some American publishers are more concerned about the need to appear to be anti-Communist than about their obligation to literature," I should like respectfully to point out that there is no need, in this country, to be or to appear to be anti-Communist. There are many publishers of books, and of magazines also, who seem to do quite well who are obviously not anti-Communist; I furthermore believe strongly that the obligation of the publisher is not to some abstraction, "literature," but to the truth; and that it would be irresponsible and immoral to publish a book by Ilya Ehrenburg without a commentary of some kind. A Communist book club offered to buy several thousand copies of "The Thaw" from us if we would let them have the book without the Kirk essay. I refused.

It should also be said that Mr. Ehrenburg's novel was published exactly as it was sent to us by his authorized English translator, and that he was paid a royalty. When asked by Mr. Cousins how it was that books by American writers were published in the Soviet Union without authorization, and without the payment of royalties, Mr. Ehrenburg remarked, "The tensions and antagonisms of the Cold War are bound to condition the dealings that representatives of our cultures have with one another," as though justice and the respect due the property of another have anything to do with the "cold war." After this need I say that the talk went on to "peace"?

Mr. Cousins' notification of Ehrenburg's statement, which he sent to me in advance of publication, reached me in Rapallo, Italy, where I had gone to visit and to pay my respects to Ezra Pound. Our confused, disjointed time offers few greater contrasts than these two—the professional apologist of a sordid, vulgar, incredibly cruel, clumsy tyranny, and the American exile, true through thick and thin to his calling of poet and teacher. Ehrenburg, living in luxury and surrounded by his collection of Picassos, whines that when he is praised abroad "the repercussions at home are sometimes unfavorable," while Pound after thirteen years of the cruelest kind of confinement and living virtually in exile stands as erect as a plainsman of the West, is afraid of no one or nothing, and asks no favors. When I asked Pound about the circumstances of his arrest after the war by the American army and his confinement, he started to talk about it and to describe what it was like to be shut up in a cage for several months, but then stopped abruptly with the remark, "Why talk about these things? At least ten million people had it far worse than I did." When talking about his attitude toward the war, he said this, very carefully and with great precision: "One must find a way to admit one's mistakes without giving up the small fragment of truth one has gotten hold of." Ezra Pound is no capon poet, but a man, and a free spirit.

On his deathbed, Bach wrote this title on one of his last chorales: "Before Thy throne with this I come." He knew that he would be judged by his work, and died in serene confidence in what he had done with his life. Language was given to man to speak the truth; those of us who work with words will be judged by the use we have made of the gift of language, by our devotion to the truth.

HENRY REGNERY.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The original charge against the Henry Regnery Company was that it was authorized to publish "The Thaw" on condition that no extraneous material appear in connection with the book. The author stipulated that his book be allowed to speak for itself; accordingly, he refused to grant permission to publish if a Foreword or Introduction were to be included. His contention was that the inclusion of an Epilogue was a spacious and devious way of violating the spirit of the agreement.*

"Remember, now — it's one, two, KICK, three, cha-cha-cha. One, two, KICK, three cha-cha-cha."

MOUSY LITTLE HOUSEWIFE?

YOU WONDER re Dell's "The Lethal Sex," an anthology of mystery stories written by women [*SR*, Oct. 10], who D. Jenkins Smith might be. She's probably a mousy little housewife from Kalamazoo.

DOROTHY JENKINS SMITH.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

AN AMERICAN MYSTERY

ANTHONY SAMPSON'S "Are the English Being Americanized?" [*SR*, Oct. 17] raises the question: how did *we* get that way? The scholar or writer has yet to be published who can explain satisfactorily how the "American dream" gave birth to the nation with the goldplated soul. This is a mystery which has plagued the greatest and most tragic of our writers—Eugene O'Neill and the Scott Fitzgerald of "The Great Gatsby," to name only two—and with which our younger generation, including, I suspect, those who proved so easily "brain-washed" in Korea, are increasingly occupied. To quote that most lovable and—despite his detractors' slurs—most "loyal" of all Americans, Pete Seeger: "Who put King Money on the throne?"

JOHN BERNARD.

Denver, Colo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV AND RADIO

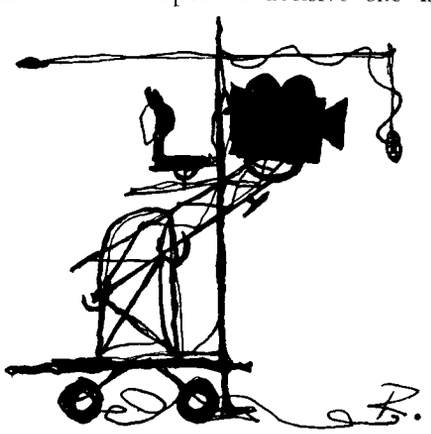
No Broom at the Top

SO FAR AS I know, I am the only man who has no instant and comprehensive plan for regulating, reforming, rehabilitating, or destroying the broadcast industry. A few weeks ago I wrote here that no smart trick would serve, that the industry would have to think. The same can be said of the industry's critics.

I submit that the condition of shock, the atmosphere of panic, the hot glow of moral indignation, and the hot scent of a chance for personal advancement do not create the climate in which proper decisions are made.

Almost all the proposals fall into a double pattern, one the reflected image of the other, both looking upward for Power. Nothing betrays the insecurity of people more than their cry for a tyrant—and the questions remaining are insignificant: who shall appoint him, shall he be one or a group (over which one will have the ultimate power in any case)? Would it be better to have a committee of vigilantes or would straight lynching be more effective?

The scandals which set off these proposals might never have occurred if enough people had been aware of the nature of television and had arrived at the action which that awareness demands. One aspect—a decisive one—is



that television is a licensed enterprise "affected with the public interest" and the obligatory action is that the public should share in its direction. Recognition of these essentials is missing in virtually all of the proposals put forth to remedy the evils of which we have become conscious.

The reforms all turn their backs on the public and lift their eyes to Washington. The more thoughtful ones look for a way of Federal action which would preserve some freedom for the vast potentials of television as a communicator—the others want to put not only the tablets of the law, but a new broom also, in the hands of some presumably benign, but certainly all-powerful figure at the top of Mt. Sinai. It doesn't seem to be the appropriate locus of power.

• • •

LYMAN BRYSON

THIS IS NOT the place for me to express my private sense of loss in the death of Lyman Bryson. But his public life was one of supreme significance in education, in broadcasting, and in the use of broadcasting for education. When Bryson added a job at CBS to his work at Teachers College, he integrated his two interests with the justness and balance that characterized him. He was best known, I suppose, for the radio program "Invitation to Learning," which was a long, continuous, ordered, and always interesting dialogue on the nature of excellence, on the human condition, on the endless variety of human experience.

A few weeks before he died, the proofs of a book he was editing were set up. It is a comprehensive symposium on the present state of our knowledge—in virtually every area of human concern. It was not only Bryson's wide-ranging knowledge that made him the ideal editor of such a work—it was his interest, his positive satisfaction, in all things human.

He did most of his work through commercial channels—and much of the confidence we have in the possibilities of the medium is derived from having watched his work and, in my own case, from working with him.

"How often, Heraclitus, how often you and I. . ."

—GILBERT SELDES.

C'est Hine! C'est sec!

Un joli crépuscule. Le soleil qui se couche. Un air sec et rempli de souvenirs. Pour des moments tellement inoubliables, ce gôut rare et précieux qui réchauffe le coeur. Hine Cognac proclamé le meilleur Cognac, par les connoisseurs du monde entier, parce que c'est le Cognac . . . Sec.

Hine *Pronounced* Fine *The World Over*

"21" Brands, Inc.

New York City • Cognac Brandy • 84 Proof

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Oedipus Wrecks

BY COINCIDENCE two of last week's three plays concern a teen-age boy who is too much attached to his mother. And in each play the boy is partly cured through a shift in attachment to a newcomer (who goes on to attempt suicide).

The first of these plays, William Inge's **"A Loss of Roses,"** describes this situation without much embroidery and with people immediately recognizable as "ordinary." These qualities are characteristic of all Mr. Inge's Broadway efforts, and in the past each of his works has been made interesting by the individual expressiveness of the performers and the extent of their involvement in the life of the play.

This time, however, Mr. Inge's ordinary characters seem uninteresting and involved only in serving up a plot, and the question that must be asked is, "Did the director and the actors fail the play, or did the play fail them?"

"A Loss of Roses" begins with teenager Kenny Baird bickering with his mother. As played by Warren Beatty and Betty Field, the quarrel seems petty, rather than an illuminating exposure of a relationship in which a son is complaining about being treated like a child at the same time as he wants the attentions most widowed mothers shower on their grown children. Into this only slightly disturbed household comes Lila Green, an out-of-work actress who has always been used by men and been given nothing in return. Carol Haney plays the lurid surface of this role making it appear like something out of *True Confessions*. Her Lila emerges simply as a weak girl trying to be good. Thus later in the play when Kenny's mother refuses to accept an expensive gift from her son on the grounds that it would symbolize an improper permission to him to take his dead father's place, Lila's willingness to become his mother-substitute in bed has a casual rather than a deeply significant ring. And afterwards when the now-independent Kenny leaves for Wichita and a normal life of his own, the spectacle of the two shattered women he has left behind is one of hollow resignation.

Director Danny Mann has found ways of infusing energy into a few effective sequences, but he and the performers seem to be struggling against the play rather than for it. Here Mr. Inge must assume a share of the blame, for he has failed to provide some of the demonstrations and revelations that might have helped the actors and the audience to become absorbed in this trio's reaction to the workings of the Oedipus complex.

"FIVE Finger Exercise" is, as the title indicates, a much more contrived affair. Its young British author, Peter Shaffer, has with considerable virtuosity maneuvered a ménage of five characters through a chain of arbitrary scenes. In this nouveau-riche household, the father is a materialist, convinced that when you come right down to it, money's the only thing that really counts. His wife is a pretentious patroness of the arts who will do anything to keep around her an elegant world of which she is the centerpiece. Since her husband won't play her game, she has developed a special snobbish relationship with her son, Clive. This nineteen-year-old "mother's boy" discovers during the course of the play that his Oedipal attachment has resulted in an eschewing of girls and a repressed homosexuality. The object of his unconsummated affection is a German boy, named Walter, who tutors Clive's fourteen-year-old sister. Thus, the heart of the play is the subconscious triangle between mother, son, and tutor, and the eventual escape of Clive from his Oedipal relationship.

But where Mr. Inge rested his case on the basic situation, Mr. Shaffer decorates with byplay. Some of this byplay is excellent. "If children of two could speak," remarks the kid sister, "they'd say 'keep your filthy hands off us!'" Similarly there's a welcome dash of John Osborne in some of Clive's bitterer moments. Walter, too, has a simple, moving speech explaining why he prefers to emigrate to England where "most people *want* to do what's good" than to stay in Germany where "they want only power." He adds, "They are a people that is enraged by equality. They need always to be ashamed, to breathe in shame—like oxygen—to go on living. Because deeper than everything else they want to be hated. From this they can believe they are giants, even in chains."

Some of the byplay is a little coy, such as the characters' frequent excursions into play-acted scenes in which they pretend to be fairy-tale royalty.

Fortunately under John Gielgud's tasteful direction, the actors give reserved, sensitive performances. As the mercenary father, Roland Culver gets a great deal of drollery out of sneering at some of the pretentiousness around him. Jessica Tandy bears down on the bitchiness of the mother. And Michael Bryant and Bryant Bedford, as Clive and Walter, demonstrate why they are considered two of England's most promising young actors.

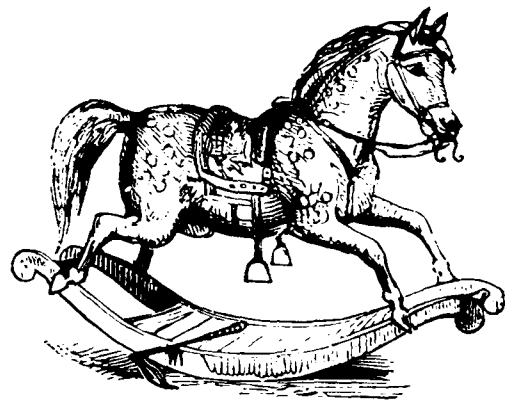
However, "Five Finger Exercise" lacks a sense of inevitability, and as in the Inge play most of its revelations are unspoken. We admire the virtuosity that surely marks Mr. Shaffer as a talented writer, but we are seldom gripped by the urgency of the play's situation nor do we feel much compassion for its victims.

IN his new play, **"Silent Night, Lonely Night,"** Robert Anderson is tenderly probing the loneliness of marriage and the ethics of adultery in this speeded-up, impersonal world of ours. While the play's patience, soft-heartedness, and sense of honor tend to make the evening slow and unexplosive, they also give it verisimilitude. For in life decent men and women are committing adultery and managing to emerge from these affairs with honor and spirit intact. While most of Mr. Anderson's play is concerned with the Christmas Eve courtship of one lonely woman by one lonely man, he is suggesting more interesting notions about the function of marriage. Does a person who has been married a long time and who is bored and lonely need—more than does someone having premarital affairs—a romantic interlude with a nice stranger who is similarly lonely? And if the stranger is also married, can't this interlude refresh both marriages? For moderns, Mr. Anderson coins an "Eleventh Commandment" It is "Don't get caught." Barbara Bel Geddes, as a wife who knows that her husband is being unfaithful to her while on a business trip to England, and Henry Fonda, as a husband whose wife is in a mental institution as a result of his past indiscretion, bring an engaging, gentle restiveness to their parts. Futhermore, designer Jo Mielziner has helped immensely by providing an effective winter lighting in an old-fashioned New England room to transmit a sense of dramatic progress through the long night.

Perhaps the night is too long, and "Silent Night, Lonely Night" would have been more effective if shortened into a one-act play. And while the playwright has—as he did before in "Tea and Sympathy"—reconciled "sin" and decency, hasn't he in the process taken some of the joy out of his love affair? Or is joy against the rules on a Broadway that now appears to demand that all sex be therapeutic?—HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some burnished, emphatic thoughts on Holiday sharing



HOW TO GIVE A BOTTLE OF IRISH WHISKEY

[VOL. II Nº XII]

Now, there is no use pretending that when we were children it was only the spirit counted and all one to us whether we found a shiny red top or a great dapple-grey rocking horse under the Christmas tree. Oh the spirit counted, it surely did, only the rocking horse had *more* spirit. Now we are grown it is different. You have no doubt noticed that rocking horses nowadays have no spirit at all unless you give them to somebody? But that a red top from loving hands absolutely brims with spirit? Whether a gift has spirit or not depends—for grown-ups at any rate—on who gives it and who receives it. Which is why we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] think it presumptuous to tell you that burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey is the perfect gift. Perhaps it is and perhaps it isn't. [Nothing is perfect. And the man who has everything is quite likely to have a bottle of Irish Whiskey too; not that he couldn't use another, we suppose.] What we *can* recommend is sharing. So when you take around a shiny red top or whatever to give your friend, yes, bring along a bottle of Irish Whiskey *to share*. The spirit of sharing is grand and goes far to recompense grown-ups for not wanting great dapple-grey rocking horses anymore.

©1959, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND, BOX H186S, DUBLIN (*Happy Christmas!*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Luxury in Lisbon

LISBON.

THE bygone age of purple luxury is playing a revival here in Lisbon, a city which, despite its convenient location to North America, has been largely overlooked by the swarms of migrants who seasonally sweep over France, Italy and England like Tartar hordes. On a hillock overlooking the long green stretch of the Edward VII Park, some of the last of the big spenders, themselves impressive collectors of the long green, have built a new Ritz.

To build a new hotel in the new way and to call it the Ritz is one thing. But the Ritz of Lisbon, which is now officially open, is in the grand tradition of the Ritz in Paris, the George V, Claridge's, and the Waldorf in its jewelled prime. Its birth in our time, a time when walls are customarily made of Nabiscos and profits are made of conventions, is a singular event and Lisbon and its operator, a goateed Belgian named George Marquet, played it with full bravura.

It must be explained that the Ritz occupies a whole square block. Sitting on stilts of Swedish granite, it has neither swimming pool, nor radios, nor television sets. "Our times," a Ritz aide was saying the other day, "are noisy enough." On the other hand its *empire* suites, whose terraces look out over the red roofs of Lisbon, have feathered quills in the inkstands, damask spreads on the beds. Every bath is lined with marble and equipped with a telephone. The bath towels are hung on heated racks. The shower has a frameless glass door. There are two washstands in each marble palace of ablutions and the toilets are enclosed in separate closets. Even the boiler room is paved with mosaic tiles.

An international staff which is directed by Pierre Gachet, late of Paris's Tour d'Argent, serves its guests in an exquisite French-decorated dining room whose glass walls face the park's eucalyptus trees and its jacarandas that turn blue in May. One dines on silver service, a rather expensive accoutrement with which the management chooses to trust its guests when dispatching meals to the upstairs rooms. Room service, an invention of George Boldt of the old Waldorf, is shot skyward through the ten sleeping floors at unheard of speeds, and I for one shall be surprised if untried waiters don't get the bends during the peak hours.

As for its ballroom, whereas it does not match the immensity of the Waldorf's where 3,000 or so can dine *ensemble* if not exactly intimately, it is nonetheless a jewelled bandbox of elegance inspired by the halls of Versailles. It has floors of inlaid oak, walls of mirrors, and one of gold with inlaid leaves of mother-of-pearl. Three immense crystal chandeliers dapple the *directoire* furniture on the balcony where ladies can peer through their lorgnettes at the proceedings on the oaken expanse below. Nobody as yet knows what's to be done with the roof, a tremendous playground of gorgeous Portuguese tiles and views that sweep down to the Tagus. I must say I could only ruminate as I gazed over its emptiness and the sunlit city all around, that were it in Stockholm, the Swedes would long since have installed a twenty-piece orchestra for *the dansants* and the place would be packed to the ramparts daily with sun-worshippers picking away at slices of salmon decorated with sprigs of dill. Hilton would have covered it with glass, turned out all the lights at night, invented a house drink, and lulled the assemblage with strolling musicians. As for the Portuguese they emit dire warnings about the wind, and Marquet himself, while not so wind-conscious, is loath to make any move that would tend to despoil the Louis XIV *ambiance* that hangs over the palace like a scented cloud.

Rossio Square in downtown Lisbon.

Originally it had been intended to build the Lisbon hotel along the lines of the Palace in Madrid, big and bustling and luxurious, and built by Marquet's father in the early nineteen hundreds. As the story goes Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, who has been premier of Portugal for twenty-seven years, approached eleven Portuguese millionaires and suggested that they interest themselves in a big new hotel for Lisbon. After all, Lisbon had nothing much beyond the super de luxe Aviz with its twenty-eight rooms, and the Avenida Palace with 100 rooms, and until a few years ago, when some new hotels were built, anybody arriving in Lisbon after the first 128 rooms were filled was obliged to sleep in Estoril, a resort fifteen miles away. German, American, French, and Swiss groups approached the Portuguese combine seeking to obtain the operating contract for the Lisbon hotel. In the end the Portuguese came to Marquet, a short, gentle Belgian of sixty-seven years who inherited a growing hotel chain from his father, George I, the builder as well of the Minerva car. Besides the car George I also built the Palace in Brussels which, when it opened in 1909, had 368 rooms, 368 telephones, and 368 baths, the first hotel to equip every room with bath.

George II, a man with an avid interest in things electrical and mechanical, has managed to fatten the chain known as the Grande Hotels Européens, a string which, of course, includes the Palace of Brussels, the Palace of Madrid, the Ritz of Madrid (which the members of the Overseas Press Club recently voted the best hotel in the world) and the Ritz in Barcelona among several others. In evidence at the Ritz in Lisbon was George III who at twenty-seven wears a sprightly black goatee modelled after his father's, and wonders aloud if he will be able to fill his father's shoes. Already in the wings is George IV who, at four, as yet sports no goatee, has few worries about the obligations of succession. Says George II, "With all of us having the same name, it saves money when printing calling cards."

One calling card imported by George II for the unveiling at Lisbon was the famous one of Charles Ritz, son of César, the original Ritz of the hotel world. César was born in Niederwald in the Swiss canton of Valais in 1850 and died a few days before the Armistice in 1918. He rose from a Swiss goatherd, one of a family of thirteen chil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dren who, looking down the valley, thought things might be better down in Brigue. From Brigue he moved onward, made a great reputation at the Savoy in London, built both Claridge's and the London Ritz as well as the Ritz in Paris, all of them still among the world's finest hostelries.

Young Charles went the round of the European Ritzes, was finally spotted by Frank Munsey, owner of *The Sun* in New York. Among Munsey's properties was the Mohican Hotel, in New London, a printing house turned inn. With $100 from his mother stuffed in his pocket Charles was off to become assistant manager. The Ritz Hotel Developing Co. had been established in 1900 to sell the name and the system to other hotels. Charlie went, with one of the buyers, to the Ritz Carlton in New York. When César died Charles was a battalion sergeant major at Camp Wheeler, Georgia.

Later, he drifted into the movie business, opened a string of summer movie houses in Ormond Beach, Florida, and in Poland Spring, Maine. He imported music boxes from his homeland to be installed in cigarette boxes and whiskey jugs, returned to Paris in 1927 to become a broker. He designed shoes for retail stores on Faubourg St. Honoré, stayed in Paris during the war. In 1940, his mother put him on the board of the Paris Ritz. Thirteen years later he became its chairman. He is on the board of the London Ritz and the Lisbon Ritz. As for mother Marie, now ninety-three, she is in the Paris hotel much of the time, but still takes trips to the family chalets in Niederwald. As for Charles, his main interest is designing fishing tackle, and he is proudest of being the author of "A Fly Fisher's Life," published in the U.S. by Holt with a preface by Hemingway.

For the official opening of the Lisbon Ritz, Charlie Ritz, as he calls himself, and the George Marquets and their wives sat in the *directoire* chairs on the balcony of the Versailles-inspired ballroom and watched 1500 ritzy aristocrats, financiers, diplomats, and builders twirl on the floor in their tailcoats and their Diors and Balenciagas. Medals stretched across lapels. Sashes slashed across the fronts of boiled shirts. Even ornate chains that would gladden the heart of a sommelier were slung over necks in memory of some honor bestowed, and on this night, so carefully worn. Uniforms were a splendor—scarlet mess-jackets, tunics embossed with swirls of black stitching. Less than ten men wore black tie—or as it is known in Europe, a *smoking*—and half of these were the young Turks of Portuguese society. Said Charlie Fox, "Look at this! You would never see it in Paris. Imagine this country turning out this many pigtails. Why, I had to have these made just for this ball. Cost me 125,000 francs. I had to do it for the name I carry."

The Ritz is certainly the ritziest thing that ever happened to Lisbon, except for the tiny and very ritzy Aviz, which now will close. In Lisbon's moments of charm there is the traffic making lazy circles around the statue of the Marquis of Pombal who rebuilt the city after the disastrous earthquake of 1755. There is the Avenida da Liberdade, which is the local Champs-Elysées, and the narrow one-way Rua do Ouro built by Pambal, with the queer, almost Phoenician sails gliding on the river at the foot of the street. It opens then to Black Horse Square, with its colorful *fragatas*, the painted river boats, and the ferries bustling about the harbor.

Looking down on the scene is the Castle of St. George, built by the Moors and taken by the Portuguese and the Crusaders in 1147. The statue of the first king to unite Portugal and make it a country—Afonso Henriques—looks down too from a grove of pine trees and olive trees. At his feet white peacocks walk, and ample old women sit and knit on the white benches, while far down below the horns blow, the bells clank, and the fading sun glistens on the tile walls.

Beyond is the Tagus, emptying into the Atlantic. No Portuguese, from a line so famous for sending their caravels into the crannies of the world so long ago, carries the national flag flying across the seas to America. Strangely, it has fallen the lot of the Swiss and the Americans to bring the Americans to this handy, little known land. Swissair makes the leap in one try out of the Borough of Queens. When we left the other Sunday at half past three in the afternoon our flight plan called for us to arrive about midnight our time. We did, too, only it was not quite dawn in Portugal. The Swiss having bred so many of the world's hoteliers—Ritz, the Valaisan, not the least among them—the DC-7C was shortly turned into a flying salon of *haute cuisine*. The first class menu, fully two feet long, is handed to passengers at the ticket counter, and must be selected and sent in by mail a few days before departure. This arrangement allows the flying gourmand a choice of ten main courses.

When the DC-8s come in the Swiss are going to have to shorten their menu. As things stand, flying the latest (and the last) of the piston planes, there seemed hardly much time for sleep between the last cordial of dinner and the first orange juice of breakfast. There was merely the barest hint of light in the sky when we landed. In their own untechnocratic way the Portuguese porters had the bags at the cab stand even as we emerged from a perfectly perfunctory customs inspection and we were shortly rolling through the rows of new apartment houses that have sprouted, clean and modern, around the apron to the city. From the balcony that is appended to all quarters at the Ritz I watched the shade go up on the new day. The park lay at my feet and about the only vertical citizen in sight, the desk clerk aside, was the Marquis of Pombal standing there on his white pedestal. How startled he might have been to contemplate the visitors from the New World as they looked at his effigy, having been brought in a night's time to his country's Atlantic shore by the Flying Helvetians. Somewhere in the marble halls above or below, the Marquets and Charlie Ritz were, I presume, still asleep. I pulled the silken curtains on the morrow, and slid between the linen sheets. It was a balm to my sybarite psyche, and in a moment I was deep in a ritzy sleep.

—HORACE SUTTON.

St. Basil's Cathedral in Moscow.

Join a Maupintour to see

Russia by motorcoach in 1960!

Be among a select group of Americans to take this 17 day, history-making trip. You'll travel through the countryside and cities of Russia in a deluxe Scandinavian motor coach. And the cost?. Only $495, all inclusive from Helsinki or Warsaw. Weekly, May through October, 1960.

In addition, Maupintour offers 5 other summer tour plans from 29 days to 72 days through Europe and Russia, some including Scandinavia, others including Bulgaria, Roumania Yugoslavia, Dalmatian coastal cruise, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Passion Play, Bavaria, Austrian Alps.

Each tour conducted and includes sightseeing plus free time to explore on your own. Ask your travel agent for details or write H. Neil Mecaskey, Jr., Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Maupintour

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

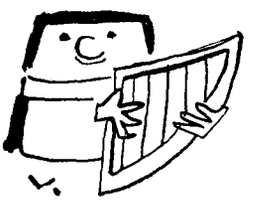
MUSIC TO MY EARS

Concert of Concerti—Theodor and Victoria

THE sometimes vexing problem whether a concerto should precede or follow the intermission of a symphony program, be placed next to last, or possibly at the very end, is being solved with uncommon ingenuity by Leonard Bernstein in his current series in Carnegie Hall with the Philharmonic Orchestra. He has them at the beginning and at the end, in the middle, and in the favored vaudeville spot known as "next to closing"—not, it may be added, in desperation but by design, in pursuance of a survey of concerti, new and old.

In the first go-'round he contrived an engaging diversity by spacing a Bach "Brandenburg" and the violin concerto of Beethoven with Bartok's "Concerto for Orchestra." In the second he investigated what might be called a long-standing unity by presenting Isaac Stern as a participant in the three centuries of variations on the theme: another Brandenburg (No. 5), the violin concerto of Berg, and the Brahms "double" in which he was joined by cellist Leonard Rose. This much standing didn't seem to bother Stern any more than the equivalent amount of violin playing, which is to say not at all. Whereas this many concerti with Van Cliburn, for example, might seem an excess of virtuosity, three with Stern made merely for an abundance of virtue, also providing a new answer to the old question "What's in a name?"

What the casual listener might have made of the juxtaposition I couldn't say—but to this non-casual one it was absorbing and satisfying, not so much because of the scheme, but because none of the works is heard too frequently, each was staffed with the man power to match its requirements, and there was a continuity of effort by Stern amid the changing circumstances and centuries. What he might do in a Bach Brandenburg (with John Wummer as the expert flutist, and Bernstein a less than expert performer on the harpsichord) hardly needed confirmation. He also has a history of admired effort in the Brahms, in collaboration with the same powerfully gifted Rose. It was not merely reassuring but illuminating to hear him as soloist in the Berg, a performance of such strength and insight as to remove any impressions of "strangeness" which may have lingered since it was introduced here by Louis Krasner in the Thirties. And the orchestral sound was stranded around it with all dexterity by Bernstein.



Like "Parsifal," which it resembles somewhat in method if not at all in detail, there is not much in Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande" which survives the "repertory" treatment, at the Metropolitan or elsewhere. Just as its creative effects are carefully calculated ones, so all its recreative values—vocal, instrumental, scenic, not to say dramatic—must be no less carefully integrated if the work's special flavor is to be realized. What it is presently getting is insufficiently calculated, only partially integrated: a threadbare set of drops designed for a production of half a dozen years ago by Horace Armistead which even lacks a forecurtain (meaning that the heavy house curtain swishes closed and is laboriously hoisted up before and after each of the instrumental interludes), a too-literal rendering of the orchestral score under Jean Morel, and a cast almost too healthy, vocally, for the requirements of the score.

Of the principals, only Theodor Uppman and Victoria de los Angeles were left from the previous round of performances. Neither seems to have added much weight of characterization in the interval (save perhaps Miss de los Angeles in the unwanted sense that made her that most absurd anachronism—a plump Mélisande). She often sounds well, especially in the third and fourth acts, and Uppman is well suited by vocal endowment for his part, but there wasn't the slightest semblance of romance—tragic or otherwise—in their progress from one scene to another. Good as Uppman is in roles that permit him to exude charm, he is equally lacking in those which require ardor or intensity.

The associated performers, if new to their roles at the Metropolitan, have all been chosen wisely—George London has the making of an excellent Golaud (as yet, his makeup is somewhat too youthful), Giorgio Tozzi does a finely conscientious Arkel, and Regina Resnik brings distinction to her performance of Genevieve. Mildred Allen was Yniold and Clifford Harvuot the physician. One remaining perplexity—though Morel showed himself capable of a superior effort with Maggie Teyte in the City Center nearly a decade ago, neither the concert version he directed last season with the Philharmonic, nor this one, matches that memory. It could be a matter of not finding the proper degree of expansion for the larger frames of Carnegie and the Metropolitan. In any case, until the work is properly dressed, illusively cast, and imaginatively directed, it is less Debussy's "Pélléas et Mélisande" than "Theodor and Victoria" after Debussy.

Anna Moffo's last (?) appearance of her brief Metropolitan season found her as fluently convincing in her second "Traviata" as she had been in her first, and understandably more assured in her stage movements. This time she omitted the top E flat (unwritten) at the end of act one, which did not materially affect the response of the audience. Barry Morell was the attractive-looking, bright-voiced Alfredo, with Leonard Warren as Germont, Sr. On the same evening Ellabelle Davis made her first appearance here in several years as soloist with the National Symphony of Washington, directed by Howard Mitchell, in the "Four Last Songs" of Richard Strauss. Miss Davis performed them with the brimming emotional fervor she imparts to everything she sings, but not without some evident vocal strain and awkwardness in managing certain intervals. There was some suggestion, also, that German is not the most comfortable language for her to manage. Mitchell has made his orchestra, especially the strings, a warm-toned, vibrant instrument for the kind of background writing Strauss favored here. The total effort, thus, was highly purposeful. —IRVING KOLODIN.

"For the Young of all Ages"
27th Year
AROUND THE WORLD
Steamer from $1398 $1898 by Air from
30-80 days 105 Departures 11 itineraries. Group or independent. Fully inclusive.
EUROPE 24-80 Days from $688
ORIENT 18-63 Days from $998
AFRICA 25-67 Days fr. $1794
So. PACIFIC 30-63 Days fr. $1398
HOLY LAND 25-40 Days fr. $1286
So. AMER. 14-72 Days from $889
HAWAII 9-44 Days from $298
MEXICO 9-18 Days from $269
"No Greater Value Anywhere"
State folders desired.
Ask Your Travel Agent
STUDENT TOURS: Low-cost Adventure and Study Trips to "Everywhere". 66 Day European trips incl. steamer from $798.
SITA WORLD TRAVEL
RANCHO MIRAGE, Dept. R, California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Record Critics' Choices for 1959

AS IF TO confirm what many record buyers had already decided for themselves, sixty-odd record critics around the country—polled in the usual way by RECORDINGS—have overwhelmingly voted the pioneer London version of Wagner's "Das Rheingold" not only the best operatic recording of the year, but, in various other enthusiastic comments, everything from "superb" to "greatest recording of anything ever made." In various subordinate positions—trailing too far to be called "runners-up"—are RCA Victor's version of Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," Verdi's "Macbeth," and Rossini's "Barber of Seville," all conducted by Erich Leinsdorf, the Angel issue of Strauss's "Capriccio" with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Douglas Moore's Ballad of Baby Doe," as performed by the New York City Center cast on MGM, and Donzetti's "Linda di Chamounix" on Columbia. Eileen Farrell's work on several single discs was lited in this categoory by three critics.

Spelled out numerically, the balloting went this way. For the London "Rheingold," twenty-seven votes, or more than half of all those who specified an operatic recording: John C. Acord III, Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman;* Paul Affelder, Newark (N.J.) *News;* Frank Arganbright, Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal and Courier;* Lee Banks, Savannah (Ga.) *Morning News;* Col. L. R. Boals, Youngstown (Ohio) *Vindicator;* Martin Bookspan, *Jewish Advocate;* Fredson Bowers, Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch;* James N. Cain, Columbus (Ohio) *Citizen-Journal;* John M. Conly, *The Atlantic;* Roger Dettmer, Chicago (Ill.) *American;* Larry Devine, Salt Lake (Utah) *Tribune;* Paul N. Elbin, Wheeling (W.Va.) *News-Register;* Joseph Gale, *New Jersey Music and Arts;* Hilmar Grondahl, *The Oregonian;* an anonymous editor of *HiFi* magazine; Stephen D. Isaacs, Louisville (Ky.) *Times;* Herbert Kupferberg, *New York Herald Tribune;* Nell Lawson, Buffalo (N.Y.) *Evening News;* Bernard Lebow, *Listen;* Leo Lerman, *Mademoiselle;* Robert C. Marsh, Chicago (Ill.) *Sun-Times;* Hunter Miracle, Tulsa (Okla.) *World;* John K. Sherman, Minneapolis (Minn.) *Star and Tribune;* Thomas B. Sherman, St. Louis (Mo.) *Post-Dispatch;* Julius Sturm, *American Feature Syndicate;* Dean Wallace, San Francisco (Cal.) *Chronicle;* Peregrine White, Durham (N.C.) *Morning Herald* and Greensboro (N.C.) *Daily News*, plus the undersigned.

Favor for "Figaro" was bestowed by Benjamin H. Doroff, Syracuse (N.Y.) *Post-Standard* and Syracuse *Herald-Journal;* Jack Loughner, San Francisco (Cal.) *News-Call Bulletin;* Clyde B. Neibarger, Kansas City (Mo.) *Star;* Corbin Patrick, Indianapolis (Ind.) *Star;* and Joseph Roddy, *Life Magazine;* for "Macbeth," by Walter F. Greuninger, *Consumer Bulletin;* Ephraim Kahn, *Army Times;* Jerry Krupnick, Newark (N.J.) *Star-Ledger;* and Delos Smith, *United Press International;* an equal number (four) for "Capriccio," James G. Deane, Washington (D.C.) *Star;* Clifford Gessler, Oakland (Cal.) *Tribune;* Ross Parmenter, *The New York Times;* and Walter Whitworth, Indianapolis (Ind.) *News;* three for "Linda": Don O. Noel, Hartford (Conn.) *Times;* Earl Sands, Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune;* and Les Zacheis, Cedar Rapids (Iowa) *Gazette.* Critics for Farrell included David Samuels, Gary (Ind.) *Post-Tribune;* Oscar Smith, Akron (Ohio) *Beacon-Journal;* and Emmett Weaver, Birmingham (Ala.) *Post-Herald.* "Baby Doe" was preferred by Rena C. Holtkamp, Cleveland (Ohio) *Plain Dealer;* Paul H. Little, *Musical Leader;* and Barbara Moore, Denver, (Colo.) *Post;* and "Barber of Seville" by Don Henahan, Chicago, (Ill.) *Daily News;* Leonard Mendlowitz, Pittsburgh (Pa.) *Sun-Telegraph;* and Hugh A. Mulligan, *Associated Press.* A number of ballots contained the names of more than one opera: the first choice was, in each case, the one utilized in the preceding tabulation.

There was no such unanimity about any one particular interpretation of an orchestral work or a concerto, but there was a heavy show of hands (twenty-eight in all led by Edward Ireland, Miami *Daily News*) on behalf of Bruno Walter's recording of the Beethoven nine symphonies in stereo for Columbia. This was the entry most often selected as either the orchestral recording recalled "with the most pleasure" or as the "most commendable enterprise." It was rather a Beethoven year in other respects, also, with a separate mention of three recordings of No. 9—the Klemperer for Angel and the Fricsay for Decca each had three votes, and the Munch for RCA Victor, two—a total of five votes in favor of Reiner's No. 5 (RCA) for a "favorite orchestral recording," and three for Monteux's "Pastorale" (also RCA). George Szell's recording of the Mahler No. 10 for Epic had multiple notice, as did Reiner's "New World," the Philadelphia Orchestra recording of a Mozart "Sinfonia Concertante" (Columbia) and Stokowski's Shostakovitch No. 1 (United Artists).

"Scattering" was the best that could be said for the vote on behalf of any particular concerto recording, perhaps because there were too many to pick from, or none stood out. By contrast to last year, when there was a landslide for Van Cliburn's Tchaikovsky No. 1, there was but a whisper (three votes) for his Rachmaninoff No. 3 (RCA). Several recordings of Artur Rubinstein (Chopin No. 2, Brahms No. 2, Saint-Saëns No. 2) were recalled with pleasure, though not mass enthusiasm. The "new" (1943) Horowitz-Toscanini version of Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto had several votes, as did the Oistrakh trio's version of the Beethoven "Triple" (Angel).

Perhaps the most unexpected endorsement, in point of numbers and outspoken admiration, came to a performer whose mere name would have meant nothing a year ago. He is the young Bolivian violinist Jaime Laredo, whose solid abilities in his RCA Victor debut record impressed twenty critics to name him in the "outstanding new artist" category. This, despite a range of repertory frankly characterized by one reviewer as "junk," by another as "chestnuts," and a third as "stale."

THE CRITICS PREFER:

Opera: "Das Rheingold" (Wagner) with Kirsten Flagstad, George London, Set Svanholm, etc., Georg Solti conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London.

Orchestral: Nine Symphonies of Beethoven (stereo version) conducted by Bruno Walter. Columbia.

Best New Performer: Jaime Laredo, violin. RCA Victor.

Spoken Word: Sir John Gielgud in "Ages of Man," from Shakespeare. Columbia.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Other new names which made an impression strong enough to be recollected were those of Paul Mankanowitzky and Noel Lee, for their Beethoven sonata (piano and violin) series for Vanguard, Hans Richter-Haaser, Denis Matthews, John Browning, and Maureen Forrester (though the latter, like Leon Fleisher—who was also mentioned several times—has a respectable history of performance prior to this year).

As styles make prize fights, so performers make categories: as, for example, in the "spoken word" department, which most years may draw a blank. This being the one in which Sir John Gielgud recorded his "Ages of Man" readings for Columbia, it registered with twenty-one critics as top choice among all records of the sort. Among those expressing admiration for it were Lily May Caldwell, Birmingham (Ala.) *News;* Daniel W. Gottlieb, Hartford (Conn.) *Times;* Ray LaRocque, Worcester (Mass.) *Sunday Telegram;* F. Gunby Rule, Knoxville (Tenn.) *News-Sentinel;* and John Voorhees, Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer.* Columbia also had the only other record with several votes in this category, the Hal Holbrook "Mark Twain Tonight," which was commended for its pleasure content by five reviewers, among them Ethel Boros, the Cleveland (Ohio) *News.* In the sphere of "most commendable enterprise" there were half a dozen citations for RCA's Soria Series. Other than those previously mentioned in other connections, the individual instrumental or vocal record magnetized no strong favor in any particular case, though four reviewers mentioned Rita Streich's "Art of the Coloratura" (Decca) as their favorite vocal record, and three others singled out Glenn Gould's sonatas (Berg, etc.) as something noteworthy.

As happens almost annually, one reviewer's opinion reflects a cross-section of all, comprehending a kind of mass judgment within a single point of view. This year, Miss Consensus is Nell Lawson of the Buffalo *Evening News,* whose votes coincided with majority opinion in four major categories: opera ("Das Rheingold"), orchestral (Bruno Walter Beethoven Nine), solo instrumental and/or outstanding new artist (Jaime Laredo), and spoken word (Gielgud "Ages of Man"). Miss Lawson is also a partisan for Makanowitzky and Lee, for the Soria Series, and for her Editor, A. H. Kirchhofer, who has allotted three pages of the *Evening News's* Weekend Edition magazine section to records and reviews.

Turning to the portion of the questionnaire relating to matters stereophonic, it is evident that a much larger percentage of record reviewers are bending both ears to their task than was true a year ago. In the previous poll approximately half of the number answering were stereo-equipped. This year the percentage has jumped to 80 per cent of those answering, with only ten of the sixty who provided answers in this category answering negatively. (For what it is worth, it may be added that few of these are in what would usually be termed "metropolitan" areas.)

Among those who pursued the matter to say how they found their stereo equipment performing, there was a slightly larger number (twenty-five) who said they were "moderately satisfied" than those (twenty-one) who said they were "completely satisfied." An additional three hedged between "moderately" and "completely." The third category, providing for an answer "not at all satisfied," drew a blank.

Space was provided, as usual, for "general comments" on record production, and a substantial number of these were along the lines of the *Newark News's* Paul Affelder: "Far too many duplications of standard repertoire works and dozens of pop records by run-of-the-mill, unknown performers." "Over-saturation" says another reviewer: "Three 'Messiahs' in one year are too much." "Senseless duplication," says a third. But the opposite point of view also prevails: "I have been party in the past to a plea for more diversity. But I find now that my keenest anticipation is in finding a fairly standard work in a superior performance."

From a source requesting anonymity, the suggestion that "All record reviewers should lock up their diamond cartridges and listen to only live music for one year. Music reviewers (concert hall types) should be confined to quarters nightly, and listen only to records for one year. Unfortunates required to do both should do neither, and should review TV instead. A creeping staleness attends all."

Be that as it may, this year's poll provides an interesting commentary on, and contrast to, the results of the NARAS (National Academy of Arts and Sciences) balloting as reported via network television to the nation at the end of November. Neither "Rheingold" nor the Walter recording of Beethoven figured in the tabulation of winners in their categories (it was, operatically, RCA's "Figaro" all the way, and one of several recordings by the same company in the orchestral areas). Nor were the names of Laredo, Gielgud or Holbrook identified with anything notable in the year's disc production.

—I. K.

More Than a Surprise

HAYDN: *Symphony No. 94, G major ("Surprise");* BOCCHERINI: *Overture in D major, Op. 43, and Symphony in C minor. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35712. $4.98 (mono), or S 35712, $5.98 (stereo).

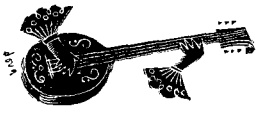
Another recording of the "Surprise," perhaps the most familiar of all Haydn symphonies, is no cause for excitement. The virtues which combine to make this record so unusually satisfying, however, are far more significant than mere excitement, suggesting Giulini as a more than likely source of continued musical pleasure.

Considered on its own, the record is a manifold delight. The Haydn is exemplary, with tempi that actually adhere to the composer's markings and admirable projection of the winds despite a still oversize string section. The playing is elegant and crisp, with none of the 19th-century mannerisms which have, unfortunately, become "traditional" in performing Haydn's symphonies. What a pleasure to be jolted by Giulini's solid and decidedly *fortissimo* presentation of the celebrated effect in movement two. Pleasure is deepened by observing that, while not a single effect is overlooked, they are all made naturally, without a hint of self-consciousness.

The problem of duplication, almost inevitable with any popular Haydn symphony, is quite improbable here, and, indeed, many may be so attracted by the Boccherini side as to accept duplication of the Haydn. The sparkling Overture has been recorded once before, in a rather uninteresting collection by Beecham, but Giulini's more straightforward version glistens more attractively than Sir Thomas's did.

The only other recording of the splendid C minor Symphony has just been discontinued; it was also on Angel, played by the Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples under Franco Caracciolo and agreeably coupled with Boccherini's Symphony in A major. The older one had more style, if less polish, but the new one is certainly excellent, and gives the Philharmonia's first desk players ample opportunity to parade their individual abilities. The recording is just about all one could ask, with marvelous delineation in the stereo edition.

—RICHARD FREED.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LITERARY HORIZONS

D. H. Lawrence Reconsidered

By Granville Hicks

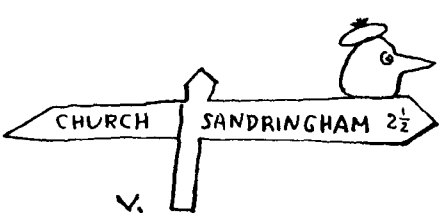
THANKS TO the folly of the Post Office Department, "Lady Chatterley's Lover" is enjoying the kind of renown that can come to a work of literature only in extra-literary ways. Fortunately, it is one of Lawrence's good novels, though not his best, and there is much of the essential Lawrence in it. Perhaps a few of the multitudinous purchasers of the paperback editions will be moved to try something else—and there are at least a dozen Lawrence titles available at reasonable prices.

A useful guide to a many-sided and prolific author is **"A D. H. Lawrence Miscellany"** (Southern Illinois University Press, $6.50), edited by Harry T. Moore, author of "The Intelligent Heart" and other works on Lawrence. In 1953 Professor Moore and Frederick J. Hoffman edited "The Achievement of D. H. Lawrence," a collection of essays. The "Miscellany," a sequel, contains recent pieces.

All the aspects of Lawrence's work are considered. There are essays on several novels: "The Rainbow," "Women in Love," "The White Peacock," and "The Plumed Serpent." (Robert Gajdusek's examination of Lawrence's first novel, "The White Peacock," seems to me particularly enlightening.) Five or six writers scrutinize short stories, and few stories will bear closer scrutiny than Lawrence's. (Edmund Bergler's discussion of "The Fox" in psychoanalytic terms is less rewarding than some of the more purely literary discussions, but it has a special interest.) Four essays comment on Lawrence's poetry, which, until recently, has been too much neglected. There is one essay on Lawrence as critic and one on his travel writing. Moore has also included a few reminiscences; most of these are pretty innocuous, but there is a letter from Katherine Mansfield that makes one's hair stand on end.

Many of these pieces would justify detailed comment if space permitted, but under the circumstances I propose to limit myself to three of the essays that confront the general problem of D. H. Lawrence. Let us take first the introduction that Diana Trilling wrote for "The Selected Letters of D. H. Lawrence," which is cast in the form of a letter to Norman Podhoretz. In thus addressing herself to a young critic and through him to his generation, Mrs. Trilling is tempted into occasional coyness, but the device does enable her to make her point. "I read Lawrence today," she notes, "and I'm utterly confounded by the effect he had on me and my friends when we first read him: we thought his metaphors were translatable into a program for practical action." She continues, "You're wiser in your generation, Norman, than we were about Lawrence; no, not wiser, keener." Yet she ends by stating her belief that her generation, wrong as it was in many of its ideas about Lawrence, may have been nearer right than Podhoretz's in its total estimate of the man: "Dear Norman, there surely is much to be said for a view of life, like Lawrence's, which not only refuses the simple on the sole ground that it is less than the complex but which also insists that we make our own conditions and our fate can be grand."

Wright Morris's contribution comes from "The Territory Ahead." In reviewing that book (*SR*, Oct. 25, 1958), I pointed out that it was primarily a plea for greater craftsmanship but that for Morris craftsmanship was not an end in itself. In America, he explained, "life has usually overwhelmed literature," and that was why he was arguing on behalf of literature. But, he went on, there were other ways of looking at the problem, and, for the sake of illustration, he compared Joyce and Lawrence. It is that comparison I now want to quote: "On the one hand we have the master craftsman Joyce armed with nothing but silence, exile, and cunning. On the other we have such a figure as D. H. Lawrence, a man of genius, a novelist, and a poet, whose primary concern was not art, but *life*, a man who believed with a devotion and example equal to that of Joyce, that if life itself could be led to the full, art would grow out of it. The purpose of art was to make such life possible. To give up living *for art* would have struck him as a form of madness: one of those tragic delusions, fostered by cant and sophistication, which led men to choose the death in life rather than the life in it. To free men from this deception, to give them life rather than art, made him a poet and a novelist."



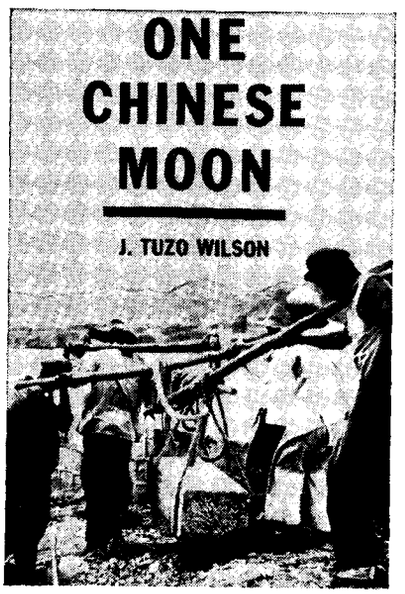
Finally there is the short essay that John Middleton Murry wrote a year or so before he died in 1957. Murry had struggled with the problem of Lawrence for most of a lifetime, and the fact that he had often contradicted himself only lends force to his summing up: "D. H. Lawrence has been the most controversial figure in English literature in the twentieth century. But, since the end of the Second World War, there has emerged a growing consensus of opinion that he is the most significant writer of his time." There are two more sentences to be quoted: "From all the inevitable inward contradictions with which he struggled there emerges a vivid and unforgettable figure, isolated, pathetic, heroic, and prophetic. For Lawrence was alone in the depth of his prescience of the crisis of humanity which has developed since his death."

All these quotations send us behind the work to the man. This could be dangerous, for over the years Lawrence the writer has been obscured by Lawrence the eccentric personality and Lawrence the man of ideas. But all three of our writers know that he was a great artist, and the "Miscellany" is full of excellent essays that show how much can be made of Lawrence in purely literary terms. When, however, he has been given his due as a man of letters, the fact has to be recognized that he was more than that. He was not a great man in any conventional way. The memoirs that flooded upon us after his death in 1930 showed, sometimes sickeningly, how unbearable he could be. Moreover, he expounded ideas that were often nonsense, even dangerous nonsense. Yet we have to come to terms with him.

We cannot expect to come to terms with him in a review of this sort, but I think we can find a clue if we juxtapose something Middleton Murry says with something Mrs. Trilling says. The former speaks of "the depth of his prescience of the crisis of humanity," and the latter of his insistence "that we make our own conditions and that our fate can be grand." As no one else could match either his awareness of evil or his sense of human potentiality, so no one else could experience the tension he endured. His was a great imagination engaged in a great struggle, from which came great books.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in the News



On China the fantasies of the twentieth century were as devastating as measles among the Polynesians.

A Window on an Opaque Mind

By Theodore H. White, *author of "Mountain Road" and, with Annalee Jacoby, "Thunder Out of China."*

NO AMERICAN ever left the presence of Mao Tse-tung after conversation in the days of friendship but with a sense of awe and puzzlement. He spoke slowly in enormous stretches of connected thought. He stroked his smooth chin, reflecting carefully as he spoke. A simple question drew a fifteen-minute answer. And all was spoken in a low, soft voice, devoid of any uncertainty, as if Mao were unveiling for the interlocutor fragile and intimate truths known to himself alone.

Yet when all was said, one left baffled—for under the soft, slow voice there remained an opacity, a darkness, a stubborn self-intoxicated mind that had revealed everything but himself. By contrast, his great rival, Chiang Kai-shek, ever-curt in answer, suspicious in mien, was a transparent man, completely understandable to Westerners: Chiang's very suspicions reflected a suppleness of mind that made Mao's truths seem like dogma.

The mind of Mao, which baffled so many Westerners in those decades of his rise to power, has now become one of the great mysteries of twentieth-century politics. And thus any book that offers the world a window on this mind at any stage in its development is, in itself, almost an act of history.

It is in this sense that "**Mao Tse-tung and I were Beggars**" (Brewster House. 266 pp. $6), despite its wretched title, is one of the more important books on Chinese leadership to appear in English since the cataclysm of the Chinese revolution.

Naïve, rambling, at times tedious, at times exquisitely charming, it is the story of the youth of Mao Tse-tung in a period now lost to memory.

SHORTLY before the turn of the century in the county of Siangtan in Hunan, China, there was born to a surly peasant farmer, Mao Jen-sheng, a son named Mao Tse-tung. In the neighboring county of Siangsiang was born that same year another child named Siao-yu. In their teens these two lads met in the First Normal School of Changsha, the provincial capital of Hunan, and became deep companions. "Mao Tse-tung and I Were Beggars" is the account of that eight-year companionship as remembered by Siao-yu, now become a distinguished scholar in exile from the country his friend today rules.

There is little new in hard fact that Siao-yu adds to the basic data so ably related by Edgar Snow in "Red Star Over China" and so often repeated since. But Siao-yu's manner of viewing Mao, his perceptions, his recall of mood, of moment, of phrase make this book the most sensitive, albeit ingenuous, account of the shaping of the Chinese titan's mind yet to appear in print.

IN this book one sees the dissolution of the antique Chinese civilization in which the two boys grew up: the revolts, the violence, the uprisings, the unbelievable turbulence that swirled about them as the Manchu Empire collapsed. One sees the boy Mao coming off the farm, cutting off his pigtail, determinedly and brutally attempting to possess the new learning which could remake China—almost as if he were raping power in his books. Here one has the finest word-portrait of Mao as a growing man—a burly adolescent with the muscular vitality of an animal; an unkempt boy, his room in the dormitory in permanent disorder, an offense to his comrades because he refused to bathe (Mao considered bathing a bourgeois softness in those days); a boy mesmerized by romantic historical novels he had taught himself to read, struggling to learn English and arithmetic (he was miserable at both), then finding confidence, as so many self-taught intellectuals do, in classical essays (at which he excelled) and endless dormitory disputations on politics.

Two passages give this book its core-values:

The longest is a lyrical, almost tender, account of the begging journey that Siao-yu and Mao Tse-tung made together through Hunan in the summer of 1917. This trip (illustrated by the author's primitive yet entrancing line drawings) is fragrant with the smell, sound, and sight of old China. In these pages a gentle nostalgia lifts the author's style from its normal turgid bitterness at Mao to a level of grace and genuine reading pleasure.

More important is Siao-yu's choked account of the formation of a student study association at Changsha in Hunan, called the Hsin Min Hsüeh Hui ("The New People's Study Association"). Its purpose, as defined by its organizers, Mao Tse-tung and Siao-yu, was moral and ethical uplift. Later, after driving out Siao-yu, Mao Tse-tung, with the students who joined this group, was able to establish in Hunan the most enduring base of the Chinese Communist Party in its time of troubles; from it he recruited the leadership that today still dominates the Communist government in Peking.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Out of ninety-seven members of the governing Communist Central Committee in Peking today, no less than thirty hail from Mao's home political base, the single province of Hunan.)

The few short chapters on the Hsin Min Hsüeh Hui, for all their simplicity, are vital testimony on the roots of Chinese Communism. Reading this account of the earnest, near-childish discussions of new Western ideas by the young students, one sees Chinese Communism in a new light. It is as if after being closed for a thousand years to outside idea, the Chinese mind had lost all natural immunity to ravaging and infectious new thought. When the West dumped the fantasies of the twentieth century on China, the result was as appalling as the first epidemics of measles among the Polynesians. Communism was only a particularly virulent form of Western fantasy: the belief that pure logic, imposed by absolute force, creates, in the end, good. Excitement was translated to action, action to civil war, civil war to dictatorship.

IN Siao-yu's account of the youthful Communists one can still see the ferment, the humor, the gaiety, the curiosity, the strength which so won the hearts of Western observers in their first peripheral contacts with these people. But rising darkly behind them one perceives the profile of Mao Tse-tung, possessed of a physique so powerful, a personality so single-minded and domineering, an intellectual arrogance so great as to bring them all, finally, to become his instruments in the remaking of China to his logic—to what end, no man yet descries.

Advocate of a Broader Humanism

By John Lear, *science editor*

THE FIRST on-the-spot account of the growth of science in Communist China appeared in SR/Research for November, 1958. It was written by Professor John Tuzo Wilson, of the University of Toronto, who had just returned from a science-diplomacy mission designed to blaze a clearing in scientific research as an initial meeting ground for Communist and Nationalist Chinese. The observations in this report commanded such widespread respect that the publishing house of Hill & Wang commissioned its author to expand his manuscript to book length. The work is now available under the title, "**One Chinese Moon,**" (Hill & Wang. 274 pp. $4.95) apparently chosen to warn readers that what the book says is based on only a month of travel in the land of Confucius.

I hope no one will take the precaution of the title too seriously. For "Jock" Wilson (his preference for that unpretentious designation typifies the modesty of this holder of the Order of the British Empire and the Legion of Merit, member of the National Research Council of Canada, and president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics) saw more of the reality of present-day China in a month than most people would see in years, and he fitted what he saw there into other things he observed elsewhere on the globe during eighteen months of almost continuous journeying as a scientific participant in the International Geophysical Year (July 1, 1957-December 31, 1958). The final chapter of "One Chinese Moon" is, as a consequence, a statement of international philosophy of a sort seldom ventured these days by sound and established practitioners of science.

"WHO, at the present time, is following whom?" he asks, and he answers: "It is Western ways that the world wants. The common pride and perversity of human nature prevents the Chinese from admitting this, but it remains nonetheless true that they have abandoned many of the trappings of a civilization 3,000 years old to adopt many of the new ideas of the West, as the Russians did before them . . . In Russia today the worker and the student are spurred to work by desire for a better life for themselves, not by thought about the good of the state . . . To think that Communist nations necessarily agree well together is to succumb to their propaganda . . . During the International Geophysical Year I had for the first time a chance to visit several . . . and what struck me most about them was how greatly they differed from one another, how little like a united bloc they were . . .

"When one asks who is to provide the leadership the world so desperately needs, one must conclude that the approach must be intellectual and international, that the universities must accept the responsibility of producing leaders with a universal vision, and that it is the West that must strengthen and continue the leadership it has already shown."

The problem of the West, in Professor Wilson's opinion, is not the backwardness of untutored mass opinion. The problem is the provincial attitude of Western scholars. I have never seen it stated quite so succinctly before anywhere.

"It seems fair," he writes, "to suggest that our universities are not giving the leadership . . . they might . . . to the West. For on the one hand the scientists, who are looking at the road ahead, do not want to steer . . . Unhappily, . . . in their preoccupation with the pursuit of knowledge [they] have taken little responsibility for the results of their search. They often fail to realize that without great effort there may soon be no civilization within which to pursue their quest." On the other hand, the humanists, who do want to steer, "insist on looking back over their shoulders and on ignoring the other traffic . . . Resenting the power of science, they seek to oppose it by pretending that life has not changed. . . .

"What is clearly needed, in place of the present dichotomy in the universities between irresponsible science and narrow humanities, is the advocacy of a broader humanism with a regard for all mankind and a sense of the power and responsibility of science to succor all men."

In preparing our children and grandchildren for tomorrow's world, a knowledge of Greek philosophy, Roman law, and Christian religion is not enough. We must examine other ideas, other legal systems, other faiths. As a reasonable beginning, we might abandon our childish supposition that the Communists, having taken control of the Chinese mainland, will disappear if we continue to act as though they are not there and do not have to be dealt with.

AS a Canadian, the author of this book can propose, without suspicion of prejudice: "Let us make provision for a safe home for [Chinese Nationalist] refugees from [Chinese Communist] revenge, as Great Britain did in Canada for the Tories [losers in the American Revolution who fled the wrath of loyalists in the thirteen rebellious colonies], and try to achieve in due course as amicable a settlement [between China and Formosa] as now prevails between the United States and Canada."

For the background of these courageous and hopeful thoughts, I commend you to the pages of "Jock" Wilson's book. You'll like the man for the simple honesty of his words.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mirror of Our Mores

"In All Conscience: Reflections on Books and Culture," by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., *(Hanover House. 288 pp. $3.95), and* ***"A Mirror of the Ministry in Modern Novels," by Horton Davies*** *(Oxford University Press. 211 pp. $3.75), are discussions of contemporary literature, written by two distinguished literary spokesmen, the former a Jesuit priest and the latter a Protestant theologian. Norman Holmes Pearson is chairman of American Studies at Yale.*

By Norman Holmes Pearson

THE AUTHOR of "In All Conscience" is hardly a stranger to what is being published. As literary editor of the weekly *America* since 1940, Father Gardiner writes, "I handle some 2,000 books a year." He has obviously read a great many of them, as this collection of his editorials shows. He writes with force of experience when he asks, about American literary manners, "Is our tie straight, is our face on attractively as it looks back at us from the mirror of mores?"

Answers to such questions about mirrors vary. Father Gardiner's own position is at least clear on one important point: "When any book, and particularly a novel, touches on anything like spiritual depth and significance, the non-Catholic and the Catholic critic cannot evaluate it in the same terms simply because their standards of judgment differ."

On the important problem of literary censorship he has much to say in clarification of the Catholic point of view. In a group of essays on "Christian Thought and the Past" he shows admiration for the Middle Ages and reservations on historical novels about them. There is, altogether, a wealth of topics in the volume. But Father Gardiner writes with special vigor and focused sincerity for readers properly concerned with brass-knuckled comic books, or troubled by the rotting teeth of other cultural gift horses.

It is a pity that by extending his reprinted dislikes into what he calls "Slightly Minority Opinions on Some 'Greats,'" Father Gardiner seems, by the emphasis his choice of books gives, to drag down so many writers to their faultier reflections. He runs the danger of doing what he in turn accuses them of doing, showing only the worst. Hemingway is not adequately considered in terms of "Across the River and Into the Trees," or by what Father Gardiner calls the "pathetic fallacy" of "The Old Man and the Sea." Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun" is hardly his best novel, and "The Fable" is surely his worst, if only because it is his most pretentious. Steinbeck's "The Wayward Bus" and "East of Eden" make up another unfavorable pairing. So do "Cass Timberlane" and "World So Wide" for Sinclair Lewis. These writers have constructed better mirrors of better mores.

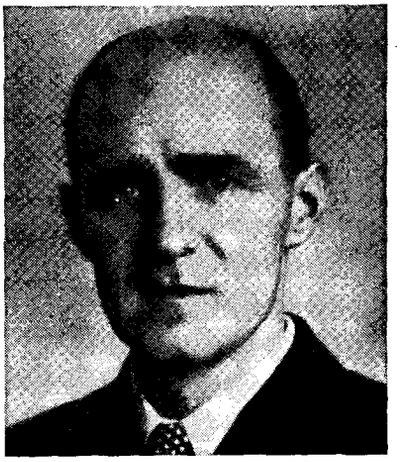
Father Gardiner's editorial attention was limited to what crossed his desk each week. Yet even within this editorial span one might have wished that, by reference or otherwise, better American examples could have been held up for admiration than Betty Smith's novel, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," aspiring though a Williamsburg ailanthus can be.

It would appear that Father Gardiner's literary ideals are met best by other than American writers: by Evelyn Waugh in "Brideshead Revisited"; by Graham Greene's "The End of the Affair" and "The Power and the Glory"; H. F. M. Prescott's "The Man on a Donkey"; the work of Alan Paton; Kathryn Hulme's "The Nun's Story," and Franz Werfel's "Song of Bernadette." Father Gardiner raises a cultural question he does not fully explore by examining imported neckware.

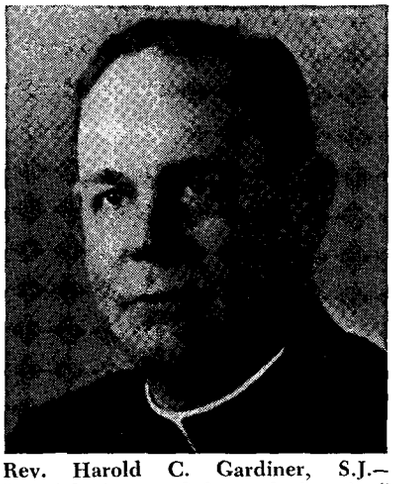
"A Mirror of the Ministry in Modern Novels" shows a regard similar to Father Gardiner's for the reflecting power of literature. But the Reverend Doctor Horton Davies, professor of religion at Princeton University, narrows the cultural focus of his critical study to the role of the minister and ministry in the modern world. To this he adds a consideration of particularized utility. "The function of the clerical characters drawn by the novelist is," he says, "to rebuke the minister for the distortions of the image of Christ and to encourage him by the more faithful reflections of the same image." Such a view helps him to recognize reverse as well as direct images. It lets him breathe easier in the modern air.

FROM the fiction of the last hundred years, Professor Davies has chosen the work of some fifteen authors, seven of them Americans. Some were also the choices of Father Gardiner. Alan Paton is admired by both, so are Graham Greene and Georges Bernanos.

If Professor Davies's analyses are more convincing from a literary point of view it is because he has more space to examine individual novels and novelists than Father Gardiner's weekly column allows. Professor Davies's study of Graham Greene is an example. He is also perhaps somewhat more generous. In the case of Sinclair Lewis he pairs "Elmer Gantry" and "The God-Seeker," finding a positive quality in the latter to offset the still useful but thin burlesque of the former. Like Father Gardiner he appears to dislike Cozzens's "By Love Possessed," but he praises and discusses the balancing "Men and Brethren." He too has read



Rev. Dr. Horton Davies—"the ministry . . . its squalor and grandeur."



Rev. Harold C. Gardiner, S.J.—"special vigor and focused sincerity."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

widely. "The Scarlet Letter," "Robert Elsmere," "The Damnation of Theron Ware," and "The Diary of a Country Priest" seem obvious and necessary choices; his serious regard for James Street, Hartzell Spence, and Peter DeVries both startles and refreshes.

Professor Davies's conclusion to his book is an excellent one: "The measure of the finest portraits of the ministry is that they show the reality of the temptations which assail the servants of God and the greatness of the grace which overcomes them. If the earthiness of the vessel is all they see, they are only caricaturists. If the treasure of the Gospel alone is shown in their portraits, apart from the clay vessel, they are hagiographers and sentimentalists. But if they portray the ministry and priesthood in its squalor and grandeur, its earthiness and its treasure, they have succeeded in a most difficult and worthwhile enterprise. For the delineation of the squalor is a warning, and the portrayal of the grandeur is an encouragement which only the Christian artist can provide."

Manuscripts and Miscellany

"In Friendly Candor," by Edward Weeks *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 301 pp. $4), consists of the recollections of a well-known editor upon his thirty-five years in the publishing world. Ben Ray Redman has been writing for Saturday Review and other national periodicals approximately the same length of time.*

By Ben Ray Redman

WHEN EDWARD WEEKS at the age of twenty-five came to the *Atlantic Monthly* as a "first reader" he had already discovered at Cornell that he had not been born to be a mechanical engineer; moreover he had served as an ambulance driver with the French Army, majored in English at Harvard, tried to thresh wheat in Kansas, washed dishes in order to eat, chaperoned cattle across the Atlantic, spent a year at Cambridge on a fellowship, explored England by bicycle during that same year, lived in Greenwich Village, and been a book salesman for the publishing firm of Boni & Liveright, which was headed by the impulsive, explosive, unpredictable, and unforgettable Horace. In short, when he joined the *Atlantic*'s small staff in 1924 he brought to his labors a knowledge of the world and of men that had not been acquired exclusively from books. It was a good beginning for an editor.

Florence Converse, his senior as a first reader, and he "polished off an average of 160 manuscripts a day, and by 5 P.M. there would be only a few left in the box." This was, indeed, an impressive performance. It means that if the manuscripts were divided equally each reader got through ten manuscripts an hour during an eight-hour day; an average reading time of six minutes each for "the hardheaded articles, the papers on economics, foreign policy, the scholastic theses," with which Mr. Weeks tells us he started his day when he was "fresh," and for the short stories to which he switched at eleven, when he was less fresh.

After four years of this breathless activity he was made director of the Atlantic Monthly Press, which was to publish books that "grew out of the magazine," the books to be manufactured and distributed by Little, Brown & Co. He was launched on a distinguished career that was to make him an editorial partner in the production of more than 300 volumes. And in 1938 he succeeded Ellery Sedgwick as editor of the magazine itself.

It is with contributors to the *Atlantic*, their articles and fiction and the books that grew out of them, that "In Friendly Candor" is largely concerned. After dealing briefly with his pre-editorial experience Mr. Weeks writes of his close collaboration with Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, Mazo de la Roche, Hans Zinsser of "Rats, Lice and History," Dr. Harvey Cushing, Thomas Barbour (whose "Naturalist at Large" he virtually rewrote), Agnes Newton Keith (who first contributed to the *Atlantic* from North Borneo, and survived a Japanese prison camp to write for it again), Francis Henry Taylor of museum fame, and many other writers less well known. He also describes an editor's recreations and finds time to reflect upon the state of American culture and our country's probable future.

More than one author has credited Edward Weeks with editorial genius. It is plain from these pages that he also has a genius for friendship; and this book will win him new friends.

All God's Creatures

"The Stature of Man," by Colin Wilson *(Houghton Mifflin. 171 pp. $3), reassesses modern literature in terms of today's heroes. Edmund Fuller's literary study is entitled "Man in Modern Fiction."*

By Edmund Fuller

THIS IS Colin Wilson's best book. It is also his shortest. The connection is that the questionings begun in "The Outsider" and continued in "Religion and the Rebel" are drawing more into focus. He still has the exasperating habit of jumping from what William Whyte says, to what David Riesman says, to what Sartre, Camus, Gide, or Shaw say, while we wait restlessly to find out what Wilson says.

"The Stature of Man" is closer to the problem with which he has been groping all along. A change of two letters would bring him still closer. It is not

Colin Wilson—"rejects the prevailing fallacy of insignificant man."

—Karsh, Ottawa

Edward Weeks—reflects upon the state of our culture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a problem of *stature* but of *nature* that he is pursuing. We cannot measure the dimensions of moral elevation of the creature unless we can speak with conviction as to what manner of creature he is.

Wilson rejects the prevailing fallacy of insignificant man. He takes us through a résumé of "The Organization Man" and "The Lonely Crowd," observing that they describe a condition but do not present an alternative. He reviews modern literature, existential and otherwise, to show the lack of a hero, the lack of a significant man. He overlooks conveniently a number of names that might embarrass his thesis (Werfel, Wilder, Paton, Vale, C. S. Lewis). Where he mentions writers with Christian conviction (Greene, Waugh) he dismisses the reflection of this conviction as "faking," whereas the reflection in character and plot of nihilistic convictions is legitimate. While he regards faith as a valid source of artistic inspiration in the context of earlier eras, now it is dismissed, although faith exists today. You can't prove that faith does not exist in our time by the sole testimony of those who have none.

Wilson's critique of the inadequacy of modern thinking and characterization is trenchant. The dismay arises over his conclusions. To produce the significant man we must "replace worn-out religious and cultural concepts with a new existentialism." What an anticlimax! Wilson isn't even offering the "new existentialism"; he is awaiting it as he might await a Messiah. He regards himself as clearing ground for the coming.

He talks much in Riesman's terms of "inner-directed" versus "other-directed" man. He says that the new man should first be inner-directed and then become other-directed again. Yet the real other-directedness, the only valid one, I believe, is not to be directed toward other men for guidance or motivation; it is to be directed toward God. The combined inner- and other-directedness of the great artistic creators of earlier ages was of this order. It is neither lost nor impossible because some articulate people have abandoned it.

Wilson poses the false alternative of man as "a god or a worm." He is neither. He is a creature of God and only part of him is prey to the worm. A created being possessing free will in the image of God is not insignificant, even if he is alienated or corrupted. To know ourselves as such beings is no easy comfort; it is a heavy responsibility; but it is exhilarating, and insignificance or meaninglessness are unknown to this image of man.

FICTION

Saga of the Unheroic

"Café Céleste," by Françoise Mallet-Joris; *translated by Herma Briffault (Farrar, Strauss & Cudahy, 383 pp. $4.95), delves into the private lives of some dozen habitués of a Paris café. Henri Peyre, of Yale University's French Department, considers the novel a bold literary departure for the author.*

By Henri Peyre

FRANCE HAS had, since 1940, a rich crop of women novelists such as the country had not seen since the time of George Sand. Some of them have concerned themselves with the traditionally favorite subjects of fiction written by women in Western Europe: autobiographical novels, stories of their childhood and adolescence offered to the man whom feminine writers want to initiate into their past, tales of passion and of escape into a world of make-believe. But others have eschewed the Romantic sentimentality and even the use of the first person singular, which ironical European males associate with feminine writing. Simone de Beauvoir has written some of the best novels of ideas in the French language. Marguerite Duras and Nathalie Sarraute rank among the most original technicians of the renovated art of fiction in France. Françoise Sagan's minor talent, for a time ridiculously overpraised, is nevertheless not so contemptible as fastidious esthetes contend; she writes with cool restraint and a pleasant studied nonchalance. Françoise Mallet-Joris has a truer novelist's temperament and, to employ the term of praise once used by William Faulkner in his glowing estimate of Thomas Wolfe, she is not a coward. She boldly attempts every kind of fiction.

The first work of that Belgian-born novelist, still under thirty, came out in Paris in 1951 and was translated in this country as "The Illusionist," then as "The Loving and the Daring." It is still her best book. The story of a young girl from Bruges, very freely educated and motherless, attracted into a Lesbian affair by the Russian mistress of her father, was told with rare delicacy. No other novel by a twenty-year-old, except perhaps Raymond Radiguet's classic, "Devil in the Flesh," can be compared with it. The story is said to have been inspired by confessions made to the young writer while she was an exchange student in America in 1948.

Françoise Mallet-Joris followed her success with very different attempts at realistic fiction, done with Flemish gusto and a Breughel-like, amused, and satirical portrayal of simple people enjoying their none too edifying lives. One of her volumes, "Cordelia," did not hide her disappointment at her American experience: she found this country losing touch with the essential realities of existence and deprived of any sense of the sacred, as she calls it: of the acceptance of what is simple and elemental in loving, in living, in dying.

"Café Céleste" is Mme. Mallet-Joris's most ambitious performance to date. It is a long novel, in which she tries to maintain our concern over a dozen or so mediocre characters revolving around a sordid Paris café: it could be called a unanimistic attempt at getting rid of individuals as heroes and at rendering the collective lives of a group. The label "naturalist" could also be affixed to it, for the author shows no squeamishness in her depiction of coarse and dull characters: a concierge who wants her pretty but stupid daughter to catch a wealthy protector and to lead him to wedlock; a plain, stupid, and sentimental shop girl in a "ten cent store," whose bed no one will share; a couple of unsuccessful artists united in a not very virile fraternity; the Greek owner of the cheap café, who intoxicates himself with his own words and proudly bears the name of Socrates; a literary old maid who reads an ode to conscientious objectors to the group assembled every Monday for discussion of "ideas."

The hero of this most unheroic novel is Stéphane Morani, a well-meaning and sickly musician who married, twenty years ago, a streetwalker from his native village. He had hoped to educate her and to save her from herself. She has been unfaithful to him all along and the whole Montparnasse district where the Café Céleste is located is aware of it. Stéphane has closed his eyes, lived on her earnings and consoled himself with writing noble thoughts in his diary. He reads his diary to the Monday evening group, while his promiscuous wife parades in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris and Deauville with a painter.

One day, however, the habitués of the Café Céleste decide to open Stéphane's eyes; they convince him that an upright idealist like him ought no longer to condone his wife's behavior. Chagrined but persuaded to act morally, he leaves her and walks out into the night, solitary, the victim of his own preaching and writing.

There are occasional passages of boisterous comedy in the novel; and the author has a remarkable gift for a realistic and always sympathetic rendering of eventless or sordid lives. She writes with warmth and vividness, and the book has enjoyed the advantage of an expert translator. Still, "Café Céleste" is needlessly long, often tedious; and the reader seldom espouses the pity mingled with irony which the author feels for her characters. He wonders whether those spineless persons deserved the novelist's patient attention. It is not easy for novels about mediocrity to defy boredom.

AEGEAN QUEST: "The Other Alexander" (Noonday, $1.25), by Margarita Liberaki, is a tense, surrealistic novel that combines in its narrative style the elements of the dream mode and classical Greek tragedy. Elliptical plotting, repetitive symbolic words, incantations, the shuffling of identities, the sense of timeless space and spaceless time—all are used to convey the author's image of contemporary moral and physical breakdown in the civil war in Greece following World War II.

The story concerns a "double" family —three brothers and a sister and their three half-brothers and half-sister, each member of one set bearing the same name in the other set. Their father owns a mine, the metal of which is used as war material. Set against a mine workers' uprising and civil war conspiracies, the three brothers and sister seek their identities in their illegitimate counterparts. One brother wants to commit "a crime as white as this snow"; another desires a child, which his barren wife has denied him; the third brother (and narrator) wants total freedom, and their sister wants to sleep with the friend of one of her brothers. They all want precisely what the illegitimates have achieved. Hovering over this strange quest is an atmosphere of infinite decay. Simply stated, the author is saying: we borrow from nature to kill nature. As a reflection of Aegean gloom, the book is quite successful. Unfortunately, the author's overpreoccupation with literary form subverts her intense vision. It is a work that admirers of Camus (whose appreciative words appear on the dust jacket) will probably want to read.

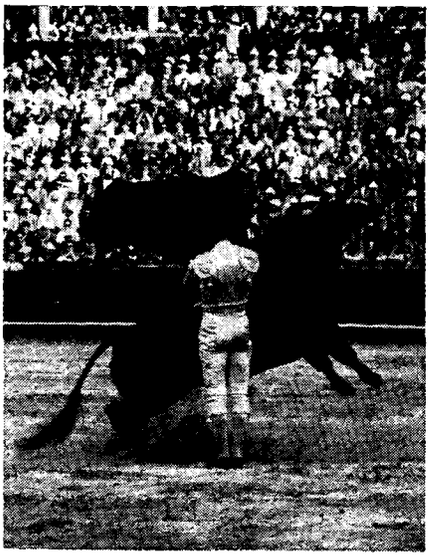
—Daniel Talbot.

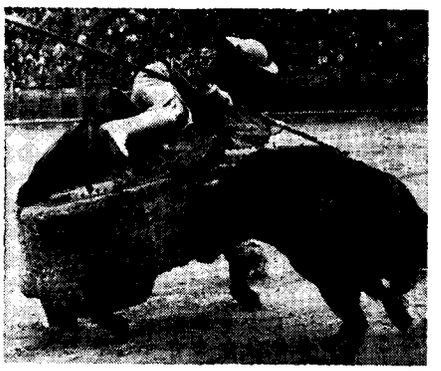
"Aficionado!" by Brooklyn-born Vincent J-R Kehoe (Hastings House, $12.50) is one of the finest, most comprehensive, best illustrated expositions of tauromaquia available to the Anglo-Saxon reader. It is truly what it claims to be: a pictorial encyclopedia of every aspect of bull-fighting. It is also a work of love by an unusual author-photographer.

As a reference book crammed with every conceivable fact, imaginatively illustrated, and often touched with the insights of a sensitive, poetic mind in the writing, this volume is unique.

"Aficionado" is the Spanish word for a fan who is not only enthusiastic but informed and discriminating. If you have a friend or relative, man, woman, or child, who is or wants to be a real fan of the toros and toreros, this is the perfect Christmas gift.

—William D. Patterson.





Above right: Manolo Vazquez executes a difficult pass known as "Ayudado por alto." Below right: The bull charges the picador, shaking both man and horse.

—Photos from the book.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TONE POEMS, POETIC TONES

Listed below are a dozen orchestral tone poems, each inspired by a literary masterpiece with a similar title. Nan Cooke Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, asks you to match titles with names of composers (found in second column) and names of authors (found in third column). Answers on page 48.

1.	"Also Sprach Zarathustra"	( )	Granville Bantock	( )	Byron
2.	"Danse Macabre"	( )	Hector Berlioz	( )	Henri Cazalis
3.	"Harold in Italy"	( )	Frank Bridge	( )	Coleridge
4.	"Isabelle"	( )	Antonin Dvorák	( )	K. J. Erben
5.	"Lancelot and Elaine"	( )	Charles Griffes	( )	Victor Hugo
6.	"Mazeppa"	( )	Franz Liszt	( )	"Kalevala," folk epic
7.	"The Garden of Death"	( )	Edward MacDowell	( )	Keats
8.	"The Pleasure Dome of Kubla Khan"	( )	Camille Saint-Saëns	( )	Nietzsche
9.	"The Swan of Tuonela"	( )	Jean Sibelius	( )	Shakespeare
10.	"The Tempest"	( )	Richard Strauss	( )	Shelley
11.	"The Water Sprite"	( )	P. I. Tchaikovsky	( )	Tennyson
12.	"The Witch of Atlas"	( )	Serge Vassilenko	( )	Wilde

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE: 1960 promises to be a bountiful year for paperback readers. Half a dozen publishers are entering the paperback field for the first time, while others are expanding already established paperback programs. One of the most interesting projects is Meridian's fiction series. Proceeding on the idea that most "quality" fiction reprints classic works, Meridian intends to publish recent distinguished fiction. The series is off to a splendid start in February with such select choices as Sybille Bedford's "The Legacy," Philip Roth's "Goodbye, Columbus," and Simone de Beauvoir's "The Mandarins." . . . Long-range plans are afoot at Barnes & Noble, who will publish next fall, under the sponsorship of Duquesne University, several studies of American writers. First on the list will be Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thomas Wolfe, and F. Scott Fitzgerald. . . . Two of the more conservative publishing houses, Macmillan and Scribners, are readying for spring regular paperback programs with books from their own distinguished backlists. Macmillan will offer Walter Lippmann, Sean O'Casey, and Albert Schweitzer, while Scribners will begin their series with some of their choicest authors, Hemingway, Edith Wharton, and Edmund Wilson.

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE WHIZ Alfred Sheinwold called his new book of instruction "Thirty Days to Winning Bridge." During a trial run it appeared that Sheinwold had been too optimistic—five more days were needed for proficiency and so the book has been retitled "Five Weeks to Winning Bridge," which Pocket Books is publishing for fifty cents. It's the first guaranteed home study bridge course. If after the aforementioned five weeks you can't play and win, at least most of the time, the money will be speedily refunded. Of course, the question immediately arises about what happens when you are faced with an opponent who has also read the book.

EVERYBODY LIKES A WINNER, so it seems in order to report on the Maggie Awards, which took place in Chicago on November 18, too late for our last month's press date. The third annual Maggies were presented in twenty-one categories for excellence among newsstand publications. The winners: for "creative spirit," New American Library's Mentor Ancient Civilization series and Bantam Classics; NAL collected another award, along with Dell and Avon, in the general fiction classification for, respectively, Faulkner's "The Sound and the Fury," Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," and James Agee's "A Death in the Family." "A Stillness at Appomattox," by Bruce Catton (Pocket Books), and Huston Smith's "The Religions of Man" (NAL) won the nonfiction prizes. And in the judges' opinions the best mystery, western, and science-fiction were, in that order, Lee Blackstone's "Woman in the Woods" (Dell), Conrad Richter's "The Lady" (Bantam), and Jack Finney's "The Third Level" (Dell).

RIDING THE WAVE of interest in "Lady Chatterley's Lover" are two collections of D. H. Lawrence's short stories. Berkley's "The Thorn in the Flesh" is boldly labeled, for anyone who might not know, "by the author of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover.'" Another offering for December is "The Lovely Lady," which New American Library reports brings their total Lawrence books to over four million. . . . Meanwhile, that other naughty little lady, "Lolita," published by Fawcett on December 3, has already gone into a third printing with a total sales of almost three million copies, which must be something of a record even for a mass market publisher.—R.W.S.

WRITERS AND WRITING

In "**Writers on Writing**" (Everyman, $1.45), British critic and novelist Walter Allen has compiled "writers' notes upon their trade," drawing upon letters, diaries, excerpts from novels. Extracts from such well-known works as James's prefaces and Forster's "Aspects of the Novel" appear frequently, but often the most illuminating insights are supplied by the more informal letters, like Flaubert's agonized note to George Sand in which he wrote, "You don't know what it is to stay a whole day with your head in your hands trying to squeeze your unfortunate brain so as to find a word."

"**Talents and Geniuses**" (Meridian, $1.45), Gilbert Highet's radio talks on literature and other arts, read as well as they sounded. The only criterion for subject-matter seems to be what most interests Mr. Highet and, as he is an unusually knowledgeable and urbane gentleman, his interests range from Bach to the Baron Corvo. One of the most delightful essays is "The First Few Words," in which the author calls to mind many of the memorable opening sentences of great novels.

Maxim Gorky, a prodigious correspondent and a faithful diarist, recorded his friendship with three great Russian literary men in "**Reminiscences of Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Andreyev**" (Compass, $1.25), whose distinguished translators include Leonard Woolf, Katherine Mansfield, and S. S. Koteliansky. With Tolstoy his discussions were philosophical, concerned with the nature of God and Man; to Chekhov he turned for advice about the theatre. His most affectionate portrait, however, is that of Andreyev, whom Gorky depicts as a lonely and endearing buffoon.

"**Turgenev's Literary Reminiscences**" (Grove, $1.95) are less warm, less casual, than Gorky's. As David Magarshack points out in his excellent intro-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duction, Turgenev, accused by critics of forgetting his native land, wrote his reminiscences as an apologia, in which he sets forth his ideas about writing and reasserts his "Russianness."

George Moore's **"Confessions of a Young Man"** (Capricorn, $1.25) is interesting for the revelation of the young and passionately artistic Moore. As a "confession" it would not shock the inhabitants of a ladies' seminary. It is shot full of questionable literary judgments of which the most shortsighted is his condemnation of Henry James ("a man of genius? Oh, no! . . . Why does he not write complicated stories?").

THEATRE

"One of the significant developments in recent years has been the return of religion to the theatre and the return of drama to the churches," writes Marvin Halverson in his introduction to **"Religious Drama 3"** (Living Age, $1.45). Among the modern morality plays included in this interesting and diverse collection are works by E. E. Cummings, Pär Lagerkvist, and Wolf Mankowitz. Another anthology is Kenneth Macgowan's **"Famous American Plays of the 1920s"** (Dell, 75¢), the first of a series of dramas representative of this country's theatre. Not all the plays are uniformly good (O'Neill's one-act "The Moon of the Caribees" is an unfortunate choice), but the selections do evoke that decade of Philip Barry, Elmer Rice, and Maxwell Anderson. With William Melnitz, Kenneth Macgowan, who directed the Provincetown Playhouse in O'Neill's time, wrote **"Golden Ages of the Theater"** (Spectrum, $1.95), which describes through history the theatre as a reflection of its age. N.B.: a bibliography of theatre books available in paperback.

In 1902 the Moscow Art Theatre produced Maxim Gorky's **"The Lower Depths"** (Yale, $1.25), a drama of Volga villagers to whom a pilgrim brings solace and hope. Two seldom presented plays by Gorky, "Enemies" and "The Zykovs," are also included in the volume, along with Alexander Bakshy's cogent introduction to the dramatist's literary and political career. While Gorky was writing his proletarian drama, George Bernard Shaw was sharpening his wit on **"Man and Superman"** (Bantam, 50¢). This lengthy play (the last act has been performed separately as "Don Juan in Hell") is funny and philosophical in the Shaw manner.

The Laurel Shakespeare Series (35¢) has added two new volumes to their library: **"Henry IV: Part I,"** with a "modern commentary" by Sir Ralph Richardson, and **"The Winter's Tale"** with notes by English critic D. A. Traversi. Both volumes contain glossaries and a general introduction by Francis Fergusson. **"As You Like It,"** edited by Ralph M. Sargent, and **"The Merchant of Venice,"** edited by Brents Stirling, are the most recent additions to the Pelican Shakespeare Library (50¢). Each volume boasts a general introduction to Shakespeare's times as well as notes on the play itself.

HISTORY

In his introduction Louis M. Hacker refers to James Bryce as "the best foreign friend the United States has ever had," and to **"The American Commonwealth"** (Capricorn, 2 vols. $1.35 each) as "the greatest book written about this country." Certainly Viscount Bryce, a friend of Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay, was an enthusiastic admirer of American politics and people. His book, judiciously edited and abridged from the longer 1888 work, is a sympathetic account of our history and national character. Fifty years before Bryce visited this country, another traveler, Alexis De Tocqueville wrote the famed "Democracy in America." Less well-known are his **"Recollections"** (Meridian, $1.45), which were published in France in 1893. De Tocqueville, who served as France's Minister of Foreign Affairs, recalls at firsthand the Revolution of 1848.

In **"The Medieval Scene"** (Cambridge, $1.75), a series of informal essays which were originally delivered as radio broadcasts, distinguished medievalist G. G. Coulton discusses life in the Middle Ages, from the dissolution of the Roman Empire to the advent of the Reformation, with special reference to the Church, philosophical development, and the chivalric code.

OTHER LANDS

Poet and novelist Lawrence Durrell traveled to Cyprus in 1953 in search of sunshine and solitude. He found instead an island teetering on the edge of political revolt. Durrell stayed for four years to serve as teacher and as press advisor to the British government. His book, **"Bitter Lemons"** (Everyman, $1.35), as evocative of the Mediterranean scene as "Justine," tells of his involvement in Cypriot life.

Another account of one man's experience in a faraway place is Heinrich Harrer's **"Seven Years in Tibet"** (Everyman, $1.45). Harrer, an Austrian mountain-climber, escaped from a British internment camp in India and proceeded on an arduous trek into Tibet. After two years he reached Lhasa, where he became tutor to the now-exiled Dalai Lama. Harrer's book, a fascinating account of a mysterious and remote region, is also a revealing portrait of an extraordinary man.

In our own hemisphere Lesley Byrd Simpson has written in **"Many Mexicos"** (University of California, $1.95) a comprehensive history of that country's colorful past. From Indian rule to Spanish conquest, on through the centuries of revolutions, Mr. Simpson's study is packed with information, and all of it entirely readable. For the reader who is interested in Latin America's current affairs, Lewis Hanke's two-part work, **"Mexico and the Caribbean"** and **"South America"** (Anvil, $1.25 each), outlines our Southern neighbors' most salient problems in the areas of economics and politics.

One Christmas was so much like another,
in those years around the sea-town corner now
and out of all sound except the distant speaking
of the voices I sometimes hear a moment before sleep,
that I can never remember whether it snowed
for six days and six nights when I was twelve
or whether it snowed for twelve days and
twelve nights when I was six.

—From "A Child's Christmas in Wales," by Dylan Thomas; woodcuts by Ellen Raskin (New Directions, $1).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WE SPECIALIZE IN PAPERBOUND BOOKS
ORDER ANY BOOK POST FREE!
60 Page Catalog with Order

TITLE	PUBLISHER	PRICE
1.		
2.		
3.		
4.		
5.		

Paperbook Gallery Total $_____
90 W. 3rd St., N. Y. 12, N. Y.
NAME_____
STREET_____
CITY_____ZONE___STATE____
NYC Residents Add 3% City Sales Tax. No C.O.D.

Keep your friends in suspense
THE BELL ON LONELY
By Margaret Page Hood
Timed especially for Christmas giving, Deputy Sheriff Gil Donan's latest Maine mystery is salty, spine-tingling — and just published. $3.50
Coward-McCann

EUROPE
We'll see the usual, plus Russia, Scandinavia, Yugoslavia & N. Africa. A different trip for the young in spirit who don't want to be herded around. Also shorter trips & student tours.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Box B — Pasadena, California

Coming January 9th

SR's
EIGHTH ANNUAL WORLD TRAVEL CALENDAR ISSUE

This Special Travel Section will carry the World Travel Calendar for the year 1960 as well as "Photo Exhibition in Print" with prize-winning pictures from SR's Photography Contest.

NETHERWORLD

The Youth Board and the Rumbles

"Delinquency is a communicable disease. Children who do not succumb to it immediately may come down later with the deadly virus. Those not corrupted by the teen-age plague may become its innocent victims. . . . Every day children are impressed by the easy victories of teen-age toughs, as the delinquent world emerges triumphant in the collapse of adult authority. There is a ceaseless struggle between the street and the home for a boy."
—From "The Wasted Years."

"The Wasted Years: A Study of Juvenile Delinquency," by Jess Stearn *(Doubleday. 231 pp. $3.95), digs into a distressing present-day problem. Frank O'Leary writes about crime and related subjects.*

By Frank O'Leary

THIS is a shocking book, likely to electrify even those of us whose sensibilities have been dulled by a spate of explosive studies of the revolt of the striplings. Jess Stearn, a veteran newspaperman, did a juvenile-delinquency series in 1955 for his paper, the *New York Daily News*. For it he received the Silurian Award. The Optimist Club added its award for his narcotics series, and "Sisters of the Night," a survey of prostitution, earned Mr. Stearn high critical praise when it was published in 1956.

The author's participation in New York City Youth Board forums has brought him close to the workers. His current book is a penetrating inquiry into scores of cases, some of which have fired the headlines and others about which the public has heard nothing. Homosexuality, he points out, is widespread among the younger gang members, who "often seem less sure of themselves sexually" than the girls. The girls, he reports, have become correspondingly more aggressive with practically no inhibitions. "In the schools the lipstick scrawls in girls' lavatories have made hardened janitors wince. Pretty teen-agers have offered themselves to classmates for a few pennies. . ."

One judge told the author, "It's the waste that gets me, the terrible waste in human material." An authoritative report he cited indicated that from 1948 through 1956 delinquency increased seven times as fast as the juvenile population.

The modern man, says the author, is so busy trying to support his family that he often loses sight of what he is working for. "Even where families have stayed together, fathers are very frequently strangers." Pointing to the much publicized Michael Farmer slaying, Mr. Stearn writes, "These were [seven] boys only one of whom had two parents." All of them were "unformed by discipline. These were boys who had been raised by women."

Underscoring these tragedies, observed one interviewed judge, is the fact that often he "saw parents turn sadly from children suddenly turned strangers. . . . They destroyed, apparently, for the sake of destroying, and not the least of what they destroyed was themselves."

The remedy? There is no panacea, concedes Mr. Stearn, but recently the delinquency-detection program of the Youth Board has encouraged social scientists to believe that there is evidence indicating that delinquency can be anticipated and treated before the virus has taken hold and it is too late.

"It is our job," reported one of the workers, "to adjust the kids to the community, not the community to the kids." He said that they try not to take the place of a father, but to serve as a kind of interested uncle. "Otherwise when we move on, we might take some of that boy with us."

The main complaint of the workers and the author is that the former are too few to have a really appreciative effect upon crime. There are only enough to concentrate on the highest-delinquency areas, and even then there must be a strong public outcry for their services.

Everyone interested in juvenile delinquency (and who isn't?) should familiarize himself with Mr. Stearn's study as an antidote for the inflammatory attacks on the Youth Board in the current flare-up of youth violence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After Morphia

Bill Stern—"sixteen tortured years."

"The Taste of Ashes," by Bill Stern and Oscar Fraley *(Holt. 218 pp. $3.95), discloses a famous broadcaster's history of and victory over drug addiction. Co-author with Sara Harris of "Who Live in Shadow," John M. Murtagh is chief magistrate of the City of New York.*

By John M. Murtagh

BENEATH the bustling surface of ordinary American life is the ominous, shadowy world of illegal narcotics, with its many thousands of helpless addicts, powerful and virtually invulnerable racketeers, and baffled law-enforcement officers. A great many of the addicts are unfortunates from our worst slums. They are pale-faced and emaciated, and seem always to look sick and strained. Others, not noticeably lethargic or stuporous, cannot so easily be recognized as addicts. They take drugs regularly but somehow are able to refrain from excessive dosages, and for years they function well at work and in society, while appearing to lead normal lives.

For sixteen tortured years Bill Stern was an addict, leading a life of seeming normality. He was driving himself ruthlessly to success and a $200,000-a-year income. To the public his career was glamorous, swift moving, and highly successful. He was becoming known to every sports fan throughout the country. He was one of radio's brightest stars. Not one of his friends, no one in his vast listening audience was aware that he was becoming so accustomed to drugs—morphine, Demerol, and Dilaudid—that he had to have them. Finally, while broadcasting the Sugar Bowl Game in 1956, he collapsed at the microphone before millions.

His autobiography is an interesting story of a spectacular career in radio and television. It is also a dramatic and compelling account of a famous broadcaster's victory over drug addiction. Appropriately the book is dedicated to the one who did know his secret and did not desert him—his wife, "whose unwavering love and steadfast faith transformed the end into the beginning."

An inordinate pride was perhaps not the least of the weaknesses that made Stern a drug addict. He emerges from the pages of this book, however, as one who not only has conquered drug addiction, but as one who has acquired wisdom, maturity, and humility. For autobiography, his book is written with commendable objectivity.

Behind this story of addiction lies the amputation of a leg, (the result of an automobile accident in 1936), recurring and excruciating pains due to kidney stones, and the frustrations and rejections provoked by insatiable ambition. But the addiction appears to be attributable primarily to an unscrupulous medical doctor, who made Bill Stern "ever more dependent on him for the relieving solace of the morphine needle—at staggering prices."

The medical origin of his addiction will perhaps be cited in support of the all-out attack of the Federal Government on doctors administering drugs in the course of therapy. But so long as we continue to terrorize the medical profession, so long as we continue a policy that discourages doctors from caring for addicts, we can never hope to solve or ameliorate the drug problem. It was Bill Stern's good fortune to be hospitalized at the Institute of Living in Hartford, Conn., and to be able to avail himself of the medical services of its dedicated staff. In large measure, because of the policy of the Federal Government, such medical care is not available to the great majority of addicts in this country.

Narcotics Commissioner Harry J. Anslinger refers to addicts as "vicious moral and social lepers." Mr. Stern's book is an eloquent refutation of the validity of this characterization.

James Thurber's MANY MOONS

A Perfect Christmas Gift

This limited edition of one of James Thurber's favorite stories, illustrated by 21 of Philip Reed's wood-engravings in many colors, was chosen as one of the Fifty Books of the Year for the American Institute of Graphic Arts exhibition. It is also a Top Honor Book in this year's Chicago Book Clinic show. It is being exhibited throughout the United States, Europe, in Central and South America, and was shown in Moscow this past summer.

". . . a publisher's masterpiece . . . a gift book of exceptional beauty."—*The Detroit News*

". . . . if there ever was a jewel of a book, this is it."
—*Publishers' Weekly*

"Nobody asked me to choose the best book in the show, but I am going to do it anyway."—*Book Production*

"James Thurber fans will be delighted."—*The Evansville Press*

Hand-set type; full blue cloth, gold stamped; per copy, postpaid: $12.50. Leather bound, by hand, full blue morocco; boxed. Signed by the artist; postpaid: $25.00

Send orders, with remittance, A. & R. Roe, *Publishers*, Saint Joseph, Michigan.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Especially for Christmas

—*From "The Christmas Mouse."*

By CLAUDIA LEWIS, *teacher of language arts and member of the Research Department, Bank Street College of Education, New York City.*

THE CHRISTMAS shopper hunting gifts for book-loving youngsters will find the science picture books among the most stunning that have appeared in the last few years. On their pages are breathtaking photographic enlargements of the moon, green vistas of undersea life, and arresting charts and drawings—as in both the lavishly illustrated Wonderful World series (Garden City, $2.95) and the much less expensive small books in the Golden Library of Knowledge (Golden Press, 50¢). The wonder-arousing powers of books like these lift them out of the category of the merely informational, and in many of them the phenomena of science are exhibited with such beauty and fresh perspective that a comparison with poetry is inescapable. This is true of Herman and Nina Schneider's "You Among the Stars" (Scott, $3) and Alice E. Goudey's "Houses from the Sea" (Scribners, $2.95). Both may become small classics of their kind; certainly both have the plus qualities one looks for in a gift.

What about the more established classics? Do children still hope to find "Black Beauty," "Heidi," "Treasure Island," and the old fairy tales and myths under the Christmas tree? We know that they do. But we should not be blinded to the fact that these books no longer occupy their literary pedestals alone. There are many modern counterparts, by no means supplanting the old favorites, yet extending the scope of the great literature that is available. Children who love "Black Beauty" can read Marguerite Henry's "Justin Morgan Had a Horse" (Rand McNally, $2.95) with much of the same kind of satisfaction. Children who are drawn to "Heidi" for the abounding freshness of its mountain setting will also greatly enjoy Kate Seredy's peerless story of Hungarian childhood, "The Good Master" (Viking, $3.50), and Laura Ingalls Wilder's series about life in the wilderness country of early America—for example, "Little House in the Big Woods"

—*From "Alladin and His Wonderful Lamp."*

(Harper, $2.95). "Treasure Island" maintains its appeal as a masterpiece of pure adventure, yet children today find Esther Forbes's dramatic piece of historical fiction, "Johnny Tremain" (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), equally exciting. And, though the traditional fairy tales hold their own, many modern fantasies have become deservedly popular, including E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web" (Harper, $2.75) and Mary Norton's books about the miniature Borrower people (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75).

When we come to the myths and hero tales, it is less easy to suggest modern equivalents. Older boys and girls, vitally concerned as they are with the formulation of values, read the classic myths with deep satisfaction. In a book such as Sally Benson's well-loved "Stories of the Gods and Heroes" (Dial, $3) they find their own concerns symbolically stated; they meet gods and men who are caught in the basic emotional dilemmas of living; they witness the triumph of good over evil. A modern story offering some of the same appeal is Carolyn Treffinger's "Li Lun, Lad of Courage" (Abingdon, $2.50). And, of course, in another vein entirely, there are the "hero tales" of our own West. For stories in this genre, Harold Felton's "New Tall Tales of Pecos Bill" (Prentice-Hall, $3) is unsurpassed.

How is one to choose a suitable version of a classic? Must he stick to the old-faithful, unabridged editions, or should he welcome the new attempts to simplify? A mild controversy exists today on just this question.

Perhaps some books suffer less from abridgment than others. The prospective buyer needs to ask in each case, what does the book have to lose through simplification? Traditional folk tales—impersonal in style, shorn of extraneous material through centuries of telling—often stand up under abridgment better than stories bearing the mark of an individual author. There are currently available several adaptations of tales from the "Arabian Nights"—for example, "The Arabian Nights Picture Book," adapted by Nancy Dingman Watson (Garden City, $2.95)—that do no serious injustice to the standard editions. Abridgment of tales by Hans Christian Andersen, however, is another matter. When "Thumbelina" is cut down to the bare bones for the sake of pre-school children, what is the result? All the flavor of Andersen is lost—the imaginative detail, the personal reflective touch. And, granted that the language of Howard Pyle's great classic, "Robin Hood" (Scribners, $3.75), is not designed for easy reading at the second-grade level, the parent makes a mistake if he does not pick up the book and savor its style before he selects a less difficult version. In the long run he may decide that if his child is too young to enjoy the classic itself, "Robin Hood" had better wait a few years.

Meanwhile the books of classic stature especially appropriate for reading aloud to children of about seven should not be forgotten. Favorites are Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh stories (Dutton, $2.50), Richard and Florence Atwater's "Mr. Popper's Penguins" (Little, Brown, $3.50), and Taro Yashima's moving "Crow Boy" (Viking, $2.75).

Many, of course, will feel that a vol-

—*From "The World of Pooh."*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ume of verse is the ideal holiday gift. New collections and new poets appear yearly, providing evidence that poetry still has strong appeal for all ages. An outstanding anthology for younger children is Carl Wither's collection of American folk rhymes and games, "A Rocket in My Pocket" (Holt, $3.50). For older boys and girls there are Gerald McDonald's "A Way of Knowing" (Crowell, $3.50) and Helen Plotz's unusual anthology of poems touching upon scientific and mathematical concepts, "Imagination's Other Place" (Crowell, $3.50).

And thus we conclude as we began, with our attention turned toward imaginative science literature, and toward the possibility that more and more in these changing times we can look for future classics in unexpected quarters. Who knows, a superb new form of space-fiction may become the chosen fairy tale of tomorrow.

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. *By Phyllis Rowland. Illustrated by the author. Little, Brown.* 26 *pp.* $2.75. This entirely fond old-fashioned Christmas story successfully expresses the spirit and sentiment of the season. Although brothers may lay down their new holsters to listen once or twice, the story is clearly for little girls. Ages 4-7.

NIBBLE NIBBLE: Poems for Children. *By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Young Scott Books. Unpaged.* $3.75. Some of Margaret Wise Brown's best verse is collected here and Leonard Weisgard has illustrated the book with such perceptiveness and devotion that it seems at once a memorial to the poet and a tribute to the child's capacity to experience beauty. This incredibly lovely book is made to be looked at, listened to, and loved. Ages 4-8.

NINE DAYS TO CHRISTMAS. *By Marie Hall Ets and Aurora Labastida. Illustrated by Marie Hall Ets. Viking. Unpaged.* $3.25. As free of self-conscious intercultural commentary as if it had been written for Mexican children and then translated, this book about a South American Christmas has much to offer. It is all the more to be regretted, therefore, that at times the author abdicates to her heroine and allows matters of a five-year-old's fantasy and faith to be described as if they were actual occurrences. Ages 5-8.

THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES. *By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated and illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Harcourt, Brace.* 32 *pp.* $3. **THE EMPEROR AND THE NIGHTINGALE.** *By Hans Christian Andersen. Drawings by Bill Sokol. Pantheon. Unpaged.* $2.95. Here are elegant new editions of two of Andersen's most delightful tales. Although the "Emperor's New Clothes" tends to belabor its thesis, the story remains deeply humorous and wise. And if "Nightingale" seems overly sentimental ("[the] tears from your eyes . . . are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart") beauty, action, and feeling are also registered. Erik Blegvad's illustrations are appropriately old-fashioned; Bill Sokol's drawings are modern and impressionistic. Probably the new generation of readers will not find a modern format out of keeping with the story. Both texts are unabridged. Ages 5-9.

THE CHRISTMAS MOUSE. *By Elisabeth Wenning. Illustrated by Barbara Remington. Holt. Unpaged.* $2.95. The carol "Silent Night" was written by Father Mohr of St. Nicholas Church of Oberndorf, Austria, and set to music by the local organist. How this came about, and why the song was first played on a guitar is told in an ingenious story with overtones of folklore and reverence. Ages 5-9.

OTTO IN TEXAS. *By William Pène du Bois. Illustrated by the author. Viking.* 45 *pp.* $2.50. A fantasy for children who can accept the premise of a giant dog as big as a house and a series of adventures as complex as the State of Texas, where they take place. Unlike the same author's "Fierce John," a make-believe story direct from child life, this present-day Wild West tale seems busy, loud, and adult. Ages 6-10.

THE FIRST NOEL: The Birth of Christ. *Illustrated by A. and M. Provenson. Golden. Unpaged.* $1.95. A small and exceptionally beautiful book, in which the story of the birth of Christ (text from the gospel according to St. Luke) is set against fresco-like drawings. Since there is neither intention nor attempt to interpret the Biblical account, the book is only for those who are able to understand the full story of the nativity and who can appreciate the narrative contribution of the highly stylized pictures. Ages 6 and up.

FULL OF WONDER. *By Ann Kirn. Illustrated by the author. World. Unpaged.* $2.75. The pictures in this book are indeed full of wonder, communicating directly through crayon rubbings the texture and symmetry of a blade of grass, a feather, an apple. By contrast, the accompanying words ("Full of wonder, /Full of wonder, /My, the world is full of wonder!") are a hortatory and pedestrian restatement of what is implicit in the art. Despite its text, and the regrettable inclusion of paper clips and buttons in a book about natural objects, this is a lovely invitation to a closer look at the world. Ages 6 and up.

ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP. *By Anne Terry White. Illustrated by Vera Bock. Random House.* 54 pp. **THE GODS OF MOUNT OLYMPUS.** *By Robert Penn Warren, Illustrated by William Moyers. Random House.* 52 *pp.* $1.50 *each.* The most successful of the new Legacy Books series, "Aladdin" is a magical romance, delightfully told and illustrated, while "The Gods of Mount Olympus" is a clear, tersely written account of some of the major Greek deities. The illustrations, however, are unnecessarily literal. Ages 7-10.

THE LOOKING GLASS BOOK OF VERSE. *Compiled by Janet Adam Smith. Illustrated by Consuelo Joerns. Looking Glass Library.* 408 *pp.* $1.50. Ranging from brief, anonymous rhymes to the great verse works of the English language, this collection is by no means random (a fact which forgives the omission of certain authors of interest); and the very arrangement and sequence of the book's material enhance the significance of individual items. It is unusual, in an anthology, to find an editor's foreword that states a premise and a selection that bears it out. A thoughtful, creative, and highly commendable book. Ages 8-14.

HOW THE MANX CAT LOST ITS TAIL AND OTHER FOLK STORIES. *Collected and retold by Blanche Cowley Young. Illustrated by Nora S. Unwin. McKay.* 114 *pp.* $2.75. Here are many stories from the tiny isle of Mann studded with rich Manx expressions. "Scrutch," "lhergy," "Tholtans" have a fine sound and their meaning can be found in the glossary. The charming title story tells how the Manx cat lingered too long before boarding Noah's ark, and there is a Manx version of the Chicken Little tale called "Smereree." Other stories, however, are slight and insufficiently developed. Ages 9-12.

—From "How the Manx Cat Lost Its Tail."

THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE. *By Millicent E. Selsam. Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Harper.* 327 *pp.* $3.95. For the confirmed or provisional biologist, a welcome treatment of a classic and still significant work. In addition to careful editing and a contemporary introduction to each chapter, the book is enhanced by informative maps and illustrations, spacious margins, and clear print. Ages 12 and up.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING. *Compiled by John Langstaff. Piano settings by Marshall Woodbridge. Illustrated by Antony Groves-Raines. Harcourt, Brace. Unpaged.* $3.25. It is unlikely that four carols have ever been more lovingly illustrated or more lavishly presented. Whether or not the effort seems warranted depends on personal or family sentiment regarding "On Chris-i-mas Day in the Morning," "Dame Get Up and Bake Your Pies," "I Saw Three Ships," and "The Friendly Beasts." All ages.

Besides Dr. Lewis, reviewers for this issue—all members of the Publications Department of Bank Street College—include Irma Simonton Black, chairman; Betty Miles, Joan Winsor Blos, and Ruth A. Sonneborn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Classification"

Continued from page 17

out regular ratings in which the distinction is drawn between the child and the adult. Some theatre owners, out of their own sense of responsibility, refuse to admit youngsters under sixteen to given movies. But suggest that the classifying be done on a semi-official or official basis, by the industry itself or by another authority, and the outraged opposition will shout down the speaker.

Classification poses a host of practical problems. It is, of course, a concept of control in an area where the lines are apt to be finely drawn and definitions are sometimes hard to come by. Who is to do the rating? What constitutes an adult? What yardstick is to be applied? There are no easy answers to any of these questions. Considering the present attitude in the movie industry, it is, unfortunately, true that classification—if it ever comes—will probably have to be enforced under the law. It is no accident that, when Pennsylvania passed its new censorship law earlier this year (it is now being chal-

lenged in the courts), the statute included classification. New York and some other states also are thinking along similar lines.

But state censorship in the past has been arbitrary and often unintelligent, and the movie people justifiably fear that classification, if enforced by official censorship boards, will simply become a political football, to be kicked primarily in the direction f the strongest pressure group. Even assuming that the rating is to be done by the Code, there's no end to the potential evils conjured up by the opposition.

For instance, they say, if a producer knows from the start that his film will get an "adults only" rating, this will mean that, in order to make up for his loss of audience, he will make the dirtiest, most unrestrained movie ever, and this in turn will lead to more agitation for censorship. If Hollywood sets up a voluntary classification system, and it breaks down at the theatre level (which it probably will), this would be taken by the public as a violation of a trust and, again, would point the way to more censorship. Then, too, there is the question of foreign films which are not even submitted to the Code.

The arguments against classification of films, whatever their true motivation, are many and they are often persuasive. Yet, classification, in one form or another, must come. When it does, some of the artificial and often quite ridiculous barriers that today enslave the medium will fall away and Hollywood will then be in a position to maintain a more consistent standard of quality, knowing to whom it is addressing its films.

If nothing is done, the movie industry will find itself right back in the situation of the late Twenties that resulted in the Code and the Legion of Decency. The moment of crisis is fast approaching and yet the movie people, as they have done on past occasions, are meeting it by turning their backs. Contributing to an art form that deeply affects men's minds, they must accept a responsibility that carries beyond the box office. In this new era of the movies, the screen can no longer shirk its obligation for the sake of the extra buck. The time has come for Hollywood to realize that the mind of youth is every bit as important as the satisfied purse of the stockholder.

The Other Hollywood

EVER since Budd Schulberg tried to discover "What Makes Sammy Run," Hollywood fiction has followed pretty much in Sammy's sordid footsteps, emphasizing the seamy side of the industry as viewed from within. The stories have been, for the most part, thinly-veiled *romans à clef;* and one of their chief attractions has been the game of guessing just which producer it was who turned what pretty extra into a star by sleeping with her. The game can still be played with some of the characters in **"The Slide Area"** (Viking, $3.50), but that is by no means the sole satisfaction in this sensitive, keen-witted little book. For Gavin Lambert, a British film critic turned scriptwriter and novelist, has chosen to write not about Hollywood the industry so much as Hollywood the place—a curious, twilight world whose very insubstantiality is summed up in his title.

The inhabitants of "The Slide Area" are, in the main, the kind of freaks and grotesques that John O'Hara and Nathanael West wrote about a generation or so ago: the wide-eyed, not-so-innocent girl from the Middle West who became both a star and her agent's mistress (although not necessarily in that order) before she was fifteen; the perverse young man whose only satisfaction came from drinking in the California sunshine; a wonderful, shop-worn Countess who, blind and almost deaf, is taken on an hilarious trip around the world by her penny-pinching nieces right in her own home. The only difference is that where O'Hara and West were frightened by such people to the point of hysteria (they make up the great, faceless mass that can rend and kill when they become a mob), Lambert accepts them, humors them, pities them just a little, and vastly enjoys their eccentricities. Perhaps it is because he is English: the English have always cherished their own eccentrics.

The form of "The Slide Area" has its own attractive eccentricity; it is a novel woven out of seven short stories, all progressing more or less simultaneously. A minor character in one story may become the center of another. A character who died on page twenty can turn up very much alive in several of the subsequent chapters. Oddly enough, this does not make for confusion; it merely adds to the irreality of Hollywood that suffuses these pages, along with the houses towed in the night to vacant lots and the oil wells that sprout like mushrooms along the Pacific shoreline.

ACTUALLY, only one of Gavin Lambert's stories conforms to the now-accepted pattern of Hollywood fiction, stripping away the artistic pretentions of a great star and a top director to expose layer on layer of shameless sexuality. But it is his best story. In "The Closed Set," he demonstrates at once his awareness of the power drive in Hollywood, the hierarchies that dominate studio production, and the interplay of personality and ego that shape the films we see. In it he has also contrived a child monster to rival anything that Henry James gave us in "The Turn of the Screw."

Fortunately, these qualities of perception are matched by a prose style that immediately places this book among the few really good pieces of writing on the film capitol. Lambert knows how to twist words to give them new freshness, a new awareness of their essential meaning. When he speaks of a would-be star, for example a girl who is convinced that she need merely find her way inside a studio to be "discovered," he writes, "Nobody could be as naïvely heartbreaking as that." But there they are—naïve, heartbreaking, wretched, funny. They are people who live near the edge. And to live near the edge in a slide area can be dangerous. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Films

Continued from page 18

The differentiation of audiences has begun, started by the producers themselves. But there are forces within the industry, eager for every dollar that a picture can bring in, who would prefer to ignore the implications of this kind of differentiation. They maintain that it would be "denying freedom of choice" to bar children from certain pictures or to permit them to see others only if accompanied by an adult. (They would rather ban the picture completely, or hack away at it until it conformed to some preconceived Code – even though the validity of the work be destroyed in the process.) They state that they are for the freedom of the screen—provided it does not take up anything too serious or controversial.

Clearly, some form of classification of films for their proper audience is not only due, but should be welcomed by thoughtful producers. Think of the economic burden this would lift from their shoulders! Would they really need Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn—a multi-million dollar cast—to induce a specialized audience to see Tennessee Williams's "Suddenly Last Summer"? And would they have to engage in costly legal battles to get a picture shown, if it were clear from the outset that it would be shown to adults only—and without the sniggering implications of today's "adults only" signs? And finally, would it be necessary to pay fantastic prices for novels and plays which would then be turned into pictures of restricted appeal? In fact, would it be necessary to purchase such works at all?

THE current success of the *nouvelle vague* in France and, to a somewhat lesser degree, in England, suggests the tremendous creative loss that this excessive economic burden is costing our industry. Producers today want and need a pre-sold property and a clutch of high-powered names before they start a film. With production costs climbing to well over the million-dollar mark, they can not afford to take a chance on an unknown story or an unknown actor—much less on an unknown director with perhaps an idea of his own that he would like to turn into a movie. Elsewhere in this issue, we can read about the Free Cinema movement in England which fostered the talents of Tony Richardson ("Look Back in Anger") and Jack Clayton ("Room at the Top"); or about the decentralized production in France that gives full scope to the abilities of young men like Louis Malle ("The Lovers"), Claude Chabrol ("The Cousins"), and Francois Truffault ("The Four Hundred Blows"). In Sweden, Ingmar Bergman creates his own films—which means, in most instances, both writing and directing—for only a few hundred thousand dollars.

Where are the young men in this country? Where are the young ideas? They lie stifled under a mountain of production costs. Stanley Kubrick, whose career began so auspiciously a few years ago as writer-director of "Killer's Kiss," "The Killing," and "Paths of Glory," now finds himself saddled with the $11,000,000 production of "Spartacus." Terry and Dennis Sanders, who made their mark earlier this year with their independent, low-budget production of "Crime and Punishment, U.S.A.," were recently fired off M-G-M's forthcoming adaptation of Kerouac's "The Subterraneans." Apparently their approach imperiled the glamor of the film's costly star, Leslie Caron.

THE sad fact is that the studios today, even though admittedly on the threshold of a new era, are notably disinclined to open their doors to new talent. The independents cannot afford to; the majors are unwilling to take the risk. Their writers are not writers, but

IF YOU NEVER SEE ANOTHER MOTION PICTURE IN YOUR LIFE YOU MUST SEE ON THE BEACH

GREGORY PECK AVA GARDNER FRED ASTAIRE ANTHONY PERKINS

STANLEY KRAMER'S PRODUCTION OF ON THE BEACH

introducing DONNA ANDERSON

Screenplay by JOHN PAXTON
From the novel by NEVIL SHUTE
Produced and Directed by STANLEY KRAMER
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

THE BIGGEST STORY OF OUR TIME!

NOW PLAYING the New ASTOR B'WAY & 45th ST. CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

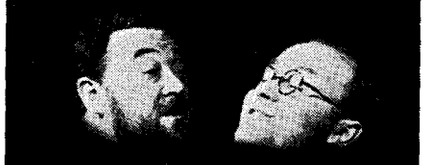
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • Ci 6-4600

CARY GRANT • TONY CURTIS
"OPERATION PETTICOAT"

Co-starring
JOAN O'BRIEN • DINA MERRILL
GENE EVANS with DICK SARGENT
and ARTHUR O'CONNELL
Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN
Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS
Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR
A GRANART PRODUCTION
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
in Eastman COLOR

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"
Far-famed pageant of the first Christmas . . . and
"YULE MOON"
Gala new holiday extravaganza, produced by Leonidoff, featuring renowned Columbus Boychoir, with Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, guest artists and Symphony Orchestra.

MICHAEL FLANDERS and DONALD SWANN in



At the drop of a hat -
GOLDEN THEATRE, 45th St., W. of B'way
EVENINGS AT NINE · MATINEE SATURDAY AT THREE

the new RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN-FIELDS Musical Comedy Smash
FLOWER DRUM SONG
"EXTRAORDINARY SPLENDOR!" — Atkinson, Times
ST. JAMES, 44 St. W. Of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Brooklyn Community-Woodward School
321 Clinton Avenue Brooklyn 5, N.Y.
NEvins 8-2830

A nursery and elementary school for children whose parents seek to encourage creative thinkers.

"*Dewey's* view of the nature of intelligence . . . is firmly grounded . . . in methods of positive inquiry." —*Sat. Rev., Nov. 21*

SO IS OURS

Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn star in Tennessee Williams's "Suddenly, Last Summer," a new film that violates many Production Code tenets.

adaptors. Their directors are not creators, but able technicians who follow the blueprints of a script. And the successful producer is the man who gathers together into one package the greatest number of known quantities—tried directors, box-office stars, a pre-sold story—and comes up with a film that makes millions. Original stories, scripts written directly for the screen, the front office will tell you quite directly, haven't got a chance; while the director or the writer who can obtain financing for a picture idea of his own is an anomaly.

As long as production costs continue to spiral, this will probably continue to be true. As a result, the real experimental work in this country is being carried out far from the studios. John Cassavetes, an actor, has just completed an attempt at an improvised film, "Shadows." It was shot without a script; the actors responded directly to the situations outlined for them. In "Pull My Daisy" based on a scene from a Jack Kerouac play, Kerouac provides a spontaneous narration to action improvised by Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, Larry Rivers, and others. It would be absurd to pretend that these are samples of great film making. But they *are* attempts to break new ground—and that is what Hollywood has steadfastly refused to do.

Instead, the studios are flaunting their new freedom in interpolated four-and five-letter words. They are finding that rape, miscegenation, dope addiction, perversion, promiscuity—all the Code-forbidden pleasures of the past—can be turned to a profit. True, in doing so, they are following in the footsteps of the popular novel and the Broadway stage, which is for the movies a giant step. But until this passion for adult themes can be bracketed with a sense of social responsibility—until, in a word, the dream of an undifferentiated mass audience has been dispersed—the studios can anticipate storms of controversy the like of which they have never known before.

There *is* a new frankness in films, a new maturity. But the industry still has a lot of growing up to do.

—Arthur Knight.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 861

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 861 will be found in the next issue.

AFZZFL N ANPK TFNK
ZTNB BCBF NZ NPP.

—C'ENPPFW.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 860

The mother's heart is the child's schoolroom.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hollywood

Continued from page 11

fact that Hollywood continues to make efforts to lure them into working for an even bigger black box—the screen. Once we succeed in placing them in our orbit, we immediately utilize them to re-create and adapt. The television writer who has demonstrated his originality is now paid to revise the work of some other writer.

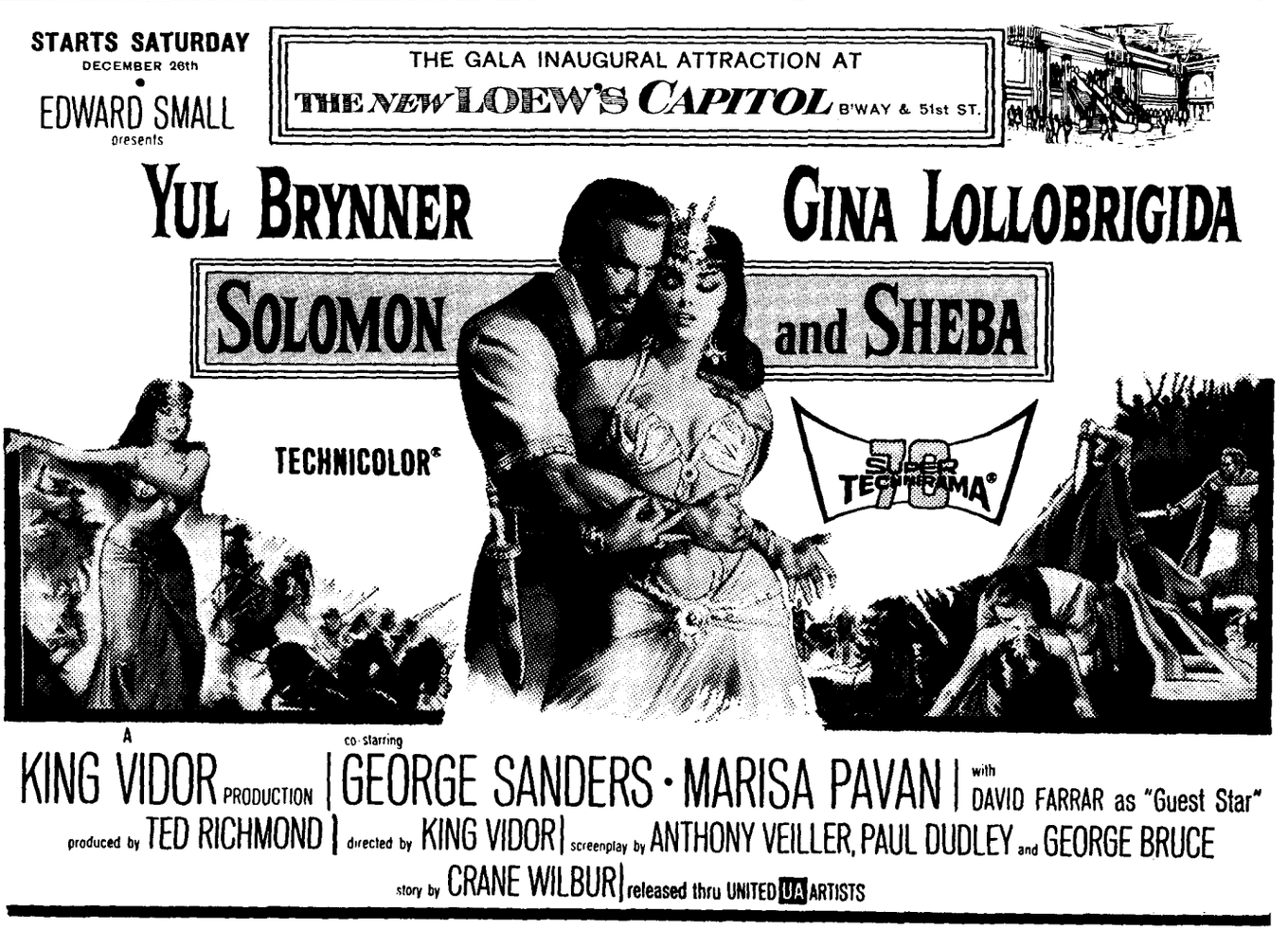
We are in fact involved in a battle: in this corner, Hollywood—in that corner, Television. From a business standpoint, we can easily decide, "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em." This we have done on more than one occasion, to the satisfaction of our stockholders. But such a move is a bookkeeping maneuver, a defense mechanism. It does not solve nor even attack the problem. It does not win back old audiences nor attract new ones. Hollywood is not going out of business; Hollywood is not going to be absorbed by television; Hollywood is not going to lose its identity. Hollywood is here to stay. But to stay means to compete as we have never competed before. To stay means to acknowledge a new audience with new demands. To stay means to create, not to imitate, to invent, not to borrow.

In 1947 the average weekly attendance at movie houses in America was 95,000,000 people. In 1957—ten years later—this figure had dropped to 45,000,000. And this in the face of a continuous population increase. Where has this lost audience gone? Mainly to television. If we wish either to maintain our current position or to improve it, we must employ our own talent and skills; we must not base our preservation on borrowed standards. We must be imaginative, different, stimulating, adult. We must sow and cultivate our own garden of talent.

We have faced crises before and have solved them usually by coming up with mechanical marvels. In one era the marvel was the introduction of sound, in another it was color, and a third called forth CinemaScope, Cinerama, and the short-lived three-dimensional film. In all of these periods we neither copied nor imitated to effect our salvation. We accomplished it with our own ingenuity. Technology helped us then; creative intelligence will help us now.

I DO not wish to press upon Hollywood the immediate abandonment of all films which do not advance the cultural frontiers of America. I am fully aware that there is and will remain a vast audience who relish the mediocre, who resent quality. As an art-industry, serving 150,000,000 or more people throughout the world, we must continue to produce films that will satisfy the audience which reads mediocre books, sees mediocre broadcasts, attends mediocre plays. But we must not continue to cower before a mythical populace composed entirely of worshipers of the tawdry, the inane, the vulgar, and the stupid. The current success in America of the "art houses," small theatres which show foreign films of distinction, is an event we must assess correctly. The art-house movement is not a passing phase. This is a permanent phenomenon. America is in the midst of a cultural naissance—or as its more charitable critics put it, a renaissance—and film-makers should play a dominant part in this efflorescence.

WE HAVE only recently been released from the obligation to make films according to formulas evolved by the heads of the seven major studios. There is no longer an MGM brand, a Paramount style, a Columbia pattern. Both in the corporate and practical sense, major studios have either vanished or



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just out in time for Christmas

DOUBLE-CROSTICS #43

55 never-before-in-print puzzles —50 by Doris Nash Wortman, 5 by clever fans

To make this Christmas even more fun —put a DOUBLE-CROSTICS #43 under the tree. The Doublecrosticophile will accept this suggestion gratefully—in fact, he may already have thought of it, and he certainly hopes one of his friends *will* think of it. But the uninitiated may need some reassurance: what is it *really* like to solve a D-C? There is no single answer, for each puzzle combines the delight of solving a quiz, an acrostic, and a secret message; at the same time, it enriches the mind and inflates the ego. Result: every D-C-solver feels two overpowering urges—to convert his friends to this happy pastime, and to get started on a new puzzle.

The way to get 55 wonderful, new puzzles—and, at the same time, solve any number of Christmas presents—is to ask your bookseller for DOUBLE-CROSTICS #43 or send off the attached coupon today. Price $1.95.

☛ *Note to anybody who is about to try a Double-Crostic puzzle for the first time: we promise you'll enjoy it. You'll feel a little like a detective, a little like a poet, a little like the fellow who solves the message on the Rosetta stone. All the equipment you need, in addition to the book (which contains quick, simple instructions for solving) is a pencil and a mind not overstuffed but nicely furnished*

To your bookseller, or
SATURDAY REVIEW, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

Please send me ..... copies of Double-Crostics Series 43. Price $1.95 each.

I am enclosing my remittance for $.....

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

(New York City residents add 3% city sales tax)

will do so shortly. They have been replaced by independent producers who function without adherence to the mandates of a giant parent company. This is a huge step forward; these producers should be encouraged in this new freedom. It is true that their financing is still largely in the hands of the major companies, but nevertheless they now have great latitude in choice of subject matter and in many cases enjoy absolute autonomy. No longer can the producer moan about the stupidity of Front Office judgment; the judgment is now his. The creative function is now his, as is the responsibility to discharge it faithfully and well.

I do not wish to say that Hollywood is a desert of mediocrity where no films of quality flourish. A number of producers have selected subjects with adult content. Some of these have failed; some have succeeded. But the percentage of failures among ordinary, commonplace, films has been much greater. The almost wholesale rejection of these routine films—once happily known as bread-and-butter pictures —should be a clear indication that the public taste has changed. In addition, these are films of the kind that can be seen without cost on the television screen. As the Madison Avenue Men would say, there is a growing want-to-see for a better product. This desire is apparent in the resistance to inferior films as well as in the marked response to quality in books and plays. We should respond to this trend; we should devote more thought and energy to satisfying this new want-to-see.

We have many points in our favor. Despite TV's admirable qualities, the medium is still a citadel of the commonplace; not because it lacks talent or money or courage—it has all of these—but because even a complex of all of these items is not enough, and never will be enough, to keep the black box flickering for sixteen hours a day. There is not enough talent, money, or courage in the whole world for that. TV has deadlines; the yawning box must be fed hour after hour with split-second regularity. It is subject to the iron whim of advertisers. The movie-makers have no such deadlines; we are not faced with hourly crises; we have no commercial sponsors. We can move more slowly, take more time, spend more money if need be, reflect more deeply. We must create films that are not meretricious, that do not betray the public's interests, that have no counterparts on television. We must be prepared to move in when the television viewer can no longer endure the spate of mediocrity that spills from the black box, and begins to look elsewhere.

Certainly we cannot expect to maintain ourselves in this struggle with television merely by assuming that people will continue to attend motion pictures because they do not wish to be alone. The day is not remote when television screens will be wall-size. Living rooms will have as many nonpaying patrons as there are, unfortunately, in many small theatres today. We cannot compete with TV in terms of the star system; Hollywood and New York stars appear with equal frequency in both media. We still have a minor but diminishing advantage in our epic films, those pictures with an enormous sweep and canvas. But this is a temporary superiority which will be a historical footnote in a few years: there is no shortage of mechanical ingenuity or of resources in the television industry.

THE movies, then, have in the end only one real asset: the quality of their stories. We must choose, select, invent—and above all, invent—story material which is so outstanding, so universal in appeal, so compassionate and imaginative, that audiences will gladly return to films, and we will gain new converts.

I *am gloomily aware that excellent* writing and magnificent stories are not in themselves any kind of final answer to our dilemma. Unlike books or plays, films remain a composite form. Actors, directors, cinematographers, and designers are in a position to nullify or enhance the effect produced by the film. But the story should remain the primary element. The film cannot begin to exist without it.

There is no shortage of story material for the screen; however, owing to our assumption of non-intelligence among our patrons, Hollywood has a shortage of taste and discrimination. We must remember that the idea of a twelve-year-old audience is largely exaggerated. Instead of whimpering about survival, we should start thinking about supremacy. As purveyors of entertainment to His Majesty, The American Public, we should give that public what I feel it wants and is ready for: not mediocrity and condescension, but adult fare for adult minds. If we do this we shall be meeting the challenge of our civilization on equal terms. Let us not reject the literate script as our veteran producer counsels; let us invite it—better yet—let us initiate it. The time is now.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 3, 4, 11, 8, 6, 5, 2, 9, 1, 10, 7. Column Three should read: 3, 2, 8, 11, 9, 6, 4, 1, 10, 12, 5, 7.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services: literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates per insertion 50¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 42¢ per word; 26 times 44¢ per word; 13 times 46¢ per word; 6 times 48¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

BOOK AND BOOKLET PRODUCTION from manuscript to bound copies—without evaluation or merchandising. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 391 East 149th Street, NYC 55.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TWO MILLION CLIPPINGS and articles from old magazines and newspapers—any subject, person, place or event. BOYD SERVICE, Delafield, Wisconsin.

BOOKS

FICTION. American, British, Continental. Also Americana, Literature, etc. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER—"If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N.Y. We pay postage.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

QUALITY PAPERBACKS: Send for our free monthly, highly selective catalogue of recent, distinguished paperbacks. Jay Locker, 3255 Shore Parkway, Brooklyn 35, New York.

BOOKS WANTED

WANTED—FIRST EDITIONS—WINSTON CHURCHILL: Mr. Broderick's Army. . . . 1903; For Free Trade. . . . 1906; Reason and Reality. . . . 1920; The World Crisis. . . . 1927, American Edition, 2 volumes. 1916-1918, Scribner; A Roving Commission. . . . 1939, New American Edition, Scribner (Including Dorothy Thompson Preface). Write, giving full details, to Box K-580.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 50¢.

FOREIGN BOOKS

WRITE FOR BULLETIN of children's foreign language books: IACONI BOOK IMPORTS, 411 Columbus, San Francisco, California.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUES—scores of beautiful designs. Address Bookplates, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

CUSTOM-DESIGNED BOOKPLATES. Ideal for individual, family, firm. No stock designs. Dolphin Bookplates, Dept. SR59, 4140 Washington, St. Louis, Missouri.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1007 Times Tower, New York 36.

OUT-OF-PRINT

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

FREE SEARCHING. Our personalized service insures satisfaction in filling your book wants. Trading Post, Lisbon, New Hampshire.

JOHN FRIEND, BOOKFINDER, can get the books you want. Try me first! Box 2570 R, Long Beach 1, California.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

WE CAN FIND THE BOOKS you want. Maximum speed, minimum cost. QUEENS BOOKS, Box 188, Long Island City 4, New York.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 15 Lindall Place, Boston, Massachusetts.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

TAINTER'S CHICK BOOKSHOP, TEMPLE, N. H. Books on anything and everything: Try our search service for that certain book.

MAINE full of old books. Let me search. LEON TEBBETTS, 164 Water, Hallowell, Maine.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

ART

FRIENDLY little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

GRAPHIC ART of French masters and young moderns through December. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, NYC 21 (64th-65th Street).

NO SURFBOARDING in San Miguel Allende—Just mountain scenery, sunshine, colonial architecture, congenial people, low costs and the finest school of arts, crafts and writing in Latin America. Illustrated catalogue, Stirling Dickinson, Director. Instituto Allende, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona, New Jersey.

LANGUAGES

AT HOME you relax and learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Russian, Japanese, Modern Greek—any of 34 languages available with Linguaphone, The World's Standard Conversational Method. Complete Recorded Courses on FREE trial. Phone Circle 7-0830 for FREE books, FREE trial: No obligation. FREE lesson in our studio. Open daily including Saturday. Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20.

LITERARY PRIZES

1960 MACMILLAN FICTION AWARD. $7,500 for winning novel between 50,000 and 200,000 words. Contest opens December 1st, 1959 and closes February 29th, 1960. For Official Rules, write: Fiction Award Editor, The Macmillan Company, 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

HOBBIES

105 BRITISH COLONY STAMPS, all different, 10¢. Approvals. Crown Stamp Company, Virgil 961, Ontario.

CERAMICS

JOIN POT OF THE MONTH CLUB. Free brochure. Box J-957.

PHOTOGRAPHY

GERMAN MODELS, Color-Slides 35mm, 3 for $4.00, U.S. Photos 3½" x 4¾", 25 for $4.00, U.S. Nordland—P. Box 52, Bad Bramstedt, Germany.

PERSONALS

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—Economical, insured household moving. Vans, station wagons. Any day, any time. The Padded Wagon, ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

"GO!"—ANCIENT JAPANESE STRATEGIC GAME. Challenges professors; intrigues children. Set, instructions, $5.00. Milton Bradley, 2481 Davidson Avenue, NYC 68.

CHARMING GRAMERCY PARK—Attractive singles and doubles. Newly decorated. PARKSIDE HOTEL, 18 Gramercy Park South, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Moderate weekly-monthly rates. GRamercy 5-6000.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new booklet describes all possibilities for employment abroad, government and private—administrative, teaching, secretarial, technical, newspaper, many others—$1.00. Included free: "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Foreign Countries." Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-X, Massapequa Park, New York.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22, ELdorado 5-3464-5.

RECORDERS, LUTES, VIOLS—Baroque woodwinds and brasses. Write Wayne Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

CHARMING MADISON SQUARE PARK—Attractive one room studio suites, with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Avenue, NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

JOBS ABROAD FOR TEACHERS, writers, librarians, translators, stenographers, and administrators. Top salaries paid by American and foreign companies, governmental and international organizations. How, when, and where to apply, $1.00. Included free, "Student Opportunities Abroad." Dorf, Box 1415-C, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import; Dolmetsch, Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95. Recorder Music, Methods; Sperrhake Harpsichords. Free catalogue. 12-9-C, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

TEST THE VALIDITY of arguments with the MELZER VALIDASCOPE, a manually operated logical calculator. Reduced to $1.00 postpaid. Dr. John Melzer, Professor of Philosophy, Auburn University, Auburn, Alabama.

FRESH READING. A different weekly newspaper every other week. Six times $2.29. Twelve $4.50. Gift Card. "Weeklies." Box K-570.

RECORDERS make perfect Christmas presents. Records, music too. Free catalogues. Recorder Center, Amenia, New York.

MALE COLLEGE GRADUATE desires position assisting magazine editor. Box K-381.

FLORIDA COLLEGE GUIDE, $1.00. Florida Education Service, P.O. Box 5825, Tampa 5.

L'EXPRESS—foremost French weekly. Special Christmas rate. Write Howard Publications Etrangeres, 206 East 17th Street, New York 3, Dept. 1A.

(Continued on page 50)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING!" Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

AVAILABLE JANUARY. Female, single, B.A., 1951. Interests—the Arts, travel, people. Box K-586.

WANTED: Music Writer. Searching musical collaborator: musician who would enjoy composing music for musical play; willing to take chance on play that may never reach Broadway, or be produced at all. No recompense unless play is sold. Box K-597.

RECORDER PLAYERS—you will want this record. New domestic Harpsichord Spinet $600. Free brochures. The Recorder Shop, 309 W. Fourth Street, Los Angeles 13, California.

RUSSIAN WOMAN would like to collaborate writing novel. Interesting material, Russian background. Box K-595.

TREE LOVERS' CALENDAR. Twelve magnificent photographs. $1.00. Wellington's, Belmont, Massachusetts.

ESTABLISHED SUMMER BOOKSHOP in quiet resort town seeks managing couple. Box K-593.

SPANISH TUTOR AND TRANSLATOR offers his services. 30, college education. Experience in both fields. Box K-591.

AIDE, ALL TIME, ANY PLACE. Single man, 25, educated, understanding, pleasant, traveled. Experienced with physically and mentally ill. Box K-583.

HELP OUR UNIQUE society now sending thousands magazines, books to hospitals, institutions, prisons. Contributions through membership, money and reading matter needed. Tax deductible. Report available. Hospital Reading Society, 105 East 22nd, NYC. GRamercy 5-1324.

SEEK MATHEMATICS TEACHER to collaborate on experimental films revealing pure mathematics. Independent animator, exhibited internationally, financing out of pocket. Box K-588.

YOU CAN WRITE saleable stories immediately with "The Plotter!" Contains five brand new plot outlines; plus complete instructions; article tips; and writing advice. Parchment bound, only $2.00. Order your copy today! Details free. Creative Features, Potomac P.O. Box 2121-F, Alexandria, Virginia.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM, Borve, Isle of Lewis, Scotland, specializes in Harris Tweed, and will tailor to measure at moderate prices. Send for patterns.

BOOK FOR MUSICAL desired by lyricist-composer team. Box K-605.

SOUL POWER IS the greatest force in the universe. It is the active principle back of genuine achievement. Learn how you can develop it through the teachings in Soul Science and Divine Law as revealed by the ancient mystics and masters of old. Write now for color brochure, "Unfolding the Lotus Within Your Own Being," sent free to sincere seekers. Address: School of Soul Science, Suite 209C, Lake Shore Hotel, Lakewood 7, Ohio.

LADY, 25, B.A., French, Spanish, traveled extensively Europe, Middle East, Africa, typing, seeks interesting work, New York, other, travel. Box K-613.

RELIABLE DUKE COED seeks summer employment involving travel. Box K-610.

CHEF, HOUSEMAN, NURSE desires employment with discriminating family. Superb food, Continental, American, and traditional service. Prefer the East. Box K-614.

EXPERT COLLABORATION OFFERED for interesting literary work, editing, research, translations. Day part time, evenings, weekends. Box K-617.

CHEMICAL-FREE, FARM-FRESH meats, vegetables, poultry, fruit. Food not fads. Pure Food Plan. CHelsea 3-3874 NYC.

FOUNDATIONS OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC. Learn theory of modern music (12 tone technique, polytonality, jazz composition and improvisation) from professional composer and pianist. MUrray Hill 5-5547 NYC.

SCIENTIFIC WRITER, Ph.D., desires ghost or free-lance assignments; part time work at home considered. Box K-606.

PERSONALS

LYRICIST SEEKS COMPOSER to collaborate popular, show material. Box K-611.

MALE, COLLEGE, desires position for Saturdays. NYC. Box K-616.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

FOR RENT

$175 PER MONTH. Secluded farmhouse 30 miles from Manhattan. Living room, fireplace, dining room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms. bath, garage. Contact Heavey, Oakland, New Jersey, FEderal 7-4355.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MIDWEST BOOKSHOP on major university campus. $60,000 gross. Reasonable cash offer. Opportunity unlimited. Box K-604.

EQUIPMENT FOR SALE

USED LITHOGRAPHIC PRESS. Details on request. Art Department, Beloit College, Beloit, Wisconsin.

VACATIONS

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

ALENCIA HOTEL—St. Augustine, Florida. Enjoy homelike atmosphere, old-world charm in the nation's oldest city.

BLUEBERRY HILL: Winter! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, OLD LYME, Connecticut. Open all year.

EUROPE NEAR HOME: Continental size bedrooms—old world service—all usual resort life overlooking the ocean. Formal or informal dining. HOTEL DENNIS, ATlantic City 4-8111.

QUIET FISHING VILLAGE on the Gulf of Mexico. $5 a day, single or double. Beverly Hotel, Box 162, Pass-A-Grille Beach, Florida.

HOTEL LA QUINTA. Relax in patios, Colonial inn. Unspoiled village on Lake Chapala. No foreign colony. $42 weekly per couple American Plan. Jocotepec, Jalisco, Mexico.

TUCSON, ARIZONA. Beautiful WILMOT INN. Open year round. Provides swimming pool, relaxation and sunshine in lovely gardens, friendliness, exceptional food, patio rooms. European or American plan. 330 South Wilmot Road.

TUILAUVENT—Maple Road, Brewster, New York. Telephone 9-8106. Only 50 miles from NYC, a beautifully located and secluded country place. Ideal for relaxing weekends and vacation. Comfortable rooms. French cooking. Moderate rates.

BERMUDA COTTAGES. 2 or 3 bedroom private housekeeping cottages for families, intimate studios for couples. Beautifully furnished, all have living room, bath, kitchen, fireplace, telephone and radio. Private maid does your housekeeping. Beach and club privileges. Rates as low as $185 monthly including all utilities, November through February. Other months daily rates apply. Write: Bermuda Cottages, Paget, Bermuda.

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, fishing, shelling, skindiving, birdwatching, sailing, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

FOREST COTTAGE FOR HONEYMOONERS, $60.00 weekly. Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont.

NEVIS, BRITISH WEST INDIES: Enjoy the Caribbean's most unspoiled Island. Modern cottages built on old sugar plantation. Lovely beaches, swimming pool, tennis, excellent cuisine. Chris-Craft cruiser for fishing. Write or cable Frank Galey, Golden Rock Estate, Nevis.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Best meals in Mexico $15.60 American Plan, double occupancy. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

TRAVEL

MUSIC IN EUROPE. Leave July 2nd with the 11th annual tour of Temple University, Philadelphia. Enjoy 34 superlative performances of opera, ballet, orchestral, vocal, instrumental, choral, church and folk music and drama at 14 festivals, the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Background lectures, backstage visits, meetings with prominent composers, conductors. Travel in ten countries, explore the great cities, relax in the Alps, on seashores, stop in fine hotels, sample the finest of regional cuisines. Cost New York back to New York $1,685 for 57 days in Europe, less for shorter sections. STUDY ABROAD, Inc., 250 West 57th, NYC, JUdson 6-3608.

STUDENTS—Don't rush through Europe. Savor the flavor with SCOPE—YOUTH TRAVELS ABROAD, 1960. Unusual experiences for young people. Coed. Brochure available. Mrs. Judith Sullivan, 147-07 Charter Road, Jamaica 35, New York, OLympia 7-6685.

THERE MAY BE NO PLACE LIKE HOME . . . but in New York there's the Beekman Tower Hotel overlooking the most marvelous views in all Manhattan . . . located in the heart of midtown in exclusive Beekman Hill, adjacent to United Nations and East River . . . and featuring famous Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge (26 stories high in the sky), Turtle Bay Dining Room. Enjoy a pleasant outlook on rates, too: special value in a few single rooms with semi-private bath, $6.50. Family rates also available. If you're driving to New York, write to BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street at First Avenue (3 Mitchell Place), New York 17, New York, for SR map showing how to avoid city traffic.

RUSSIA for college students. Plan to join an American collegiate group for summer-long vacation featuring 30 days in the USSR plus England, Brussels, Germany, Copenhagen, Sweden, Finland, Poland, Czechoslovakia, plus Black Sea Cruise from Yalta to Sochi. See your Travel Agent for folders or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City.

WHY TRAVEL ALONE? . . . Join a Bachelor Party Tour for single men and women to Europe, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Nassau, Hawaii and "Around the World"—See your travel agent. BACHELOR PARTY TOURS, INC., Dept. SR 19, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, PLaza 8-2433.

EUROPE 1960: Register now for choice passage in inclusive circle tours visiting Oberammergau Passion Play, other special events. 40—58 days in Europe, 13—19 countries: $1,095—$1,378. Regular departures May, June, July, August; sea or air. DITTMANN TRAVEL ORGANIZATION, Northfield, Minnesota.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

EUROPE. 1960 Tours: 50—63 days in Europe. 15—18 countries, $1,245—$1,398. Oberammergau Passion Play included. Write directly: Prof. L. Knecht, KNIGHT TOURS (S-R), Box 350, Northfield, Minnesota.

STUDENTS, IT'S PLANNED FOR YOU—A summer abroad with PFE—Month's residence and study at Le Fleuron in Florence or 30 day stay in Paris with 40 hour course of study sponsored by Andre Maurois, Robert Schuman, and Marshal Juin PLUS 30 day student tour—choice of 3 itineraries including USSR. . . . Round trip air transportation—60 days in Europe—$1,375—$1,450. Write for 20 page illustrated brochure. Paris France Europe Association for Study and Travel, 10 East 49th Street, New York 17, New York.

EUROPE—Two unusual tours. June 11, boys, girls; 7 weeks. August, Olympics—boys. No herding. Fun, learning with dignified freedom. Bob Moore, 1322 Antoine, Houston.

EUROPE. Eighth Tour. 30 days $845. 60 days $1,295 (including USSR). Box K-599.

ESCORTED EUROPEAN TOURS from 7 to 32 days. Continent, Spain, Scandinavia, Great Britain. Write for attractive brochures. Frames Tours Ltd. (established 1881), 185 Madison Avenue, New York. Bookings ONLY through Travel Agents.

JOIN BAHAMA CRUISE. 150 foot schooner leaves Miami for Bimini, Berry Islands, Nassau, Andros, Grand Bahamas. All expenses for 10 days, $150.00. **MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE.** Commencing June 15th, a small group of adventurers will sail to Bermuda, Portugal, Spain, France, Africa, Canary Islands, West Indies, Miami. Three months, only $1,500. Inquire now. Capt. Burke, P.O. Box 1051-Z, Miami Beach 39, Florida. Miami phone FRanklin 1-0893.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1343

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

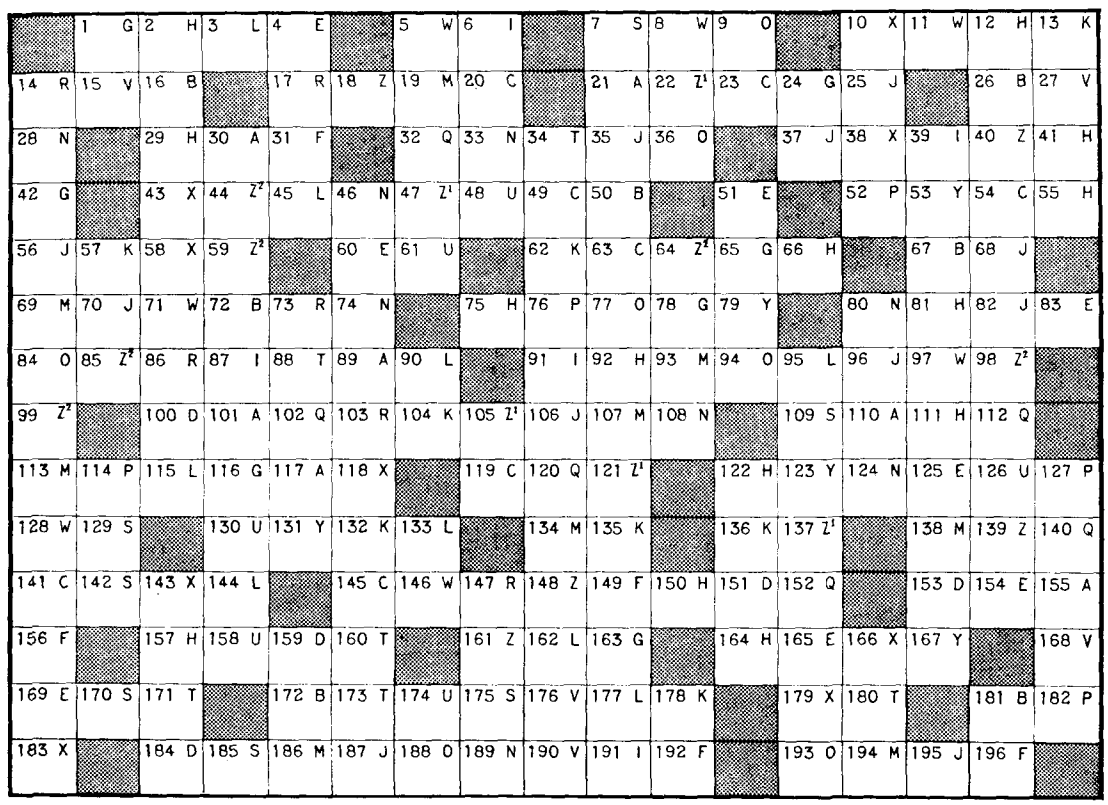
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Bird less brave than the daffodils, acc'g to Perdita in "The Winter's Tale".	117 30 89 101 110 155 21
B. Making a trial of.	181 16 172 26 67 72 50
C. Complete entities.	54 49 119 20 141 23 63 145
D. Italian for coffee, a bar, a restaurant.	184 159 100 153 151
E. Important city at junction of White and Blue Niles, capital of the Sudan.	125 169 51 154 4 60 165 83
F. Standards; models; patterns.	149 31 196 156 192
G. Special mechanism in a breech-loading firearm, or for a jet pilot's chair.	42 1 65 78 163 116 24
H. Popular name for the zinnia (comp.).	31 164 2 29 92 157 66 122 111 12 41
	55 150 75
I. Distant view along an avenue, as bet. rows of trees.	39 87 91 6 191
J. Awed by a display of force.	106 56 68 96 82 187 35 195 70 25 37
K. Long gaiters.	13 104 178 57 132 136 62 135
L. Caretaker of chambers in London Inns of Court, acc'g to Oxford Eng. Dict.	90 45 162 177 95 115 144 3 133
M. Consequences.	113 138 194 93 186 134 107 19 69

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Most coarse.	108 124 33 80 74 28 46 189
O. Early vehicles of the Britons.	9 36 188 84 94 77 193
P. Impure flintlike rock.	114 182 127 76 52
Q. Cultivating implement, or famous school.	120 140 152 32 102 112
R. Compensation.	86 17 103 14 147 73
S. Discernment with understanding sympathy.	142 175 129 170 109 185 7
T. A "mixture" organ stop with a bright and penetrating tone.	171 88 173 34 160 180
U. Luncheon, esp. at midday.	130 48 61 158 174 126
V. Should be a powerful auxiliary but instead is rather doubtful.	190 176 15 27 168
W. Former British Gold Coast protectorate, now a part of Ghana.	71 128 8 5 97 146 11
X. An elephant's tusk weighing less than twenty pounds.	118 43 166 38 10 183 58 143 179
Y. Anything no longer usable.	79 53 123 167 131
Z. Extremely violent.	139 148 161 40 18
Z1. Superintendent of public works in modern Greece.	121 47 22 137 105
Z2. What "L'Aiglon" was.	59 99 98 44 64 85

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you may guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.

ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT—IN SLIM, TRIM NEW BOTTLE AND HOLIDAY WRAP

In time for the holidays... lighter, drier, smoother VAT 69 comes to you in a beautiful new bottle. Slim and trim, it's completely in keeping with today's taste for *lightness* and *smoothness* in Scotch. Yet this modern package retains the Old-World character and dignity of VAT 69's distinguished bottle. And this holiday season, VAT 69 is dressed in its new Medal-of-Merit Gift Wrap imported from Scotland.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED